

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

March 27, 1963

PRICE

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Anne Matheson reports:
**THE QUEEN'S OWN
GROOMING TIPS**

*"My life with the
king of speed"*

By MRS. DONALD CAMPBELL

6-page cooking feature
BUNS AND LOAVES

Autumn's Empire Look

**TANIA'S WEDDING
IN HONG KONG**



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* Taken from the famous Handy Andy Kindergarten Cleaning Test Commercial — now on TV

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• "When I meet another singer who is great, I am not envious; I am glad that she is great and I like her," said Belgian-born singer Tonia Campbell, whose story, "Married to Danger," begins on the opposite page.

TONIA, who is the wife of English speed king Donald Campbell, continued:

"Similarly, when Donald met the American challenger for the land-speed record, Mickey Thompson, at Utah, he liked him tremendously, because Mickey is genuine and sincere.

"They got on like a house on fire."

(At Utah, U.S.A., Donald Campbell had a nearly fatal accident when he crashed in an attempt on the record in 1960.)

Tonia said: "But when Donald meets stupid people who talk a lot about cars and really know very little about them, then he can become impatient and cutting.

"This is when I see his father in him.

"His father could also be terribly cutting when confronted with pretentious people."

Donald Campbell's father, the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, was the pre-war land-and water-speed ace.

★ ★ ★

AFRICA is invariably the setting for Stuart Cloete's masterly short stories (see "Another Man's Wife," page 25).

Although Mr. Cloete was born in Paris, educated in England, and now lives in New York, Africa, where he once farmed, holds him in thrall.

"It is still the continent of mystery," he says, "a land of many questions and no answers."

He can never stay away from it long. He is constantly returning there to find new and exciting subjects for stories and novels.

"WHY, I've known your Prime Minister since I was a girl of 15," said Queen Elizabeth in reply to a question put to her through her private secretary by Anne Matheson, who is reporting the Royal tour.

Anne asked the question after the Queen had conferred on the Prime Minister her personal honor of the Most Noble Order of the Thistle.

The Queen was recalling her first meeting with the then Mr. Menzies at Windsor Castle, to which she and Princess Margaret were evacuated during World War II.

That first meeting was to develop into a close and affectionate relationship.

Years later, the Queen Mother, as she watched her daughter talk to Sir Robert, said: "They are on the same wavelength."

A well-known diplomatic correspondent told Anne: "With no other statesman

Our cover

• Tania Verstak, Australia's Miss International Beauty, and Perth car salesman Peter Young, who were married in St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon, last week. With her short princess-line dress Tania carried bouquet of white orchids.

is the Queen so complete at her ease."

A reporter accredited to the Court, who travels with the Queen in England and abroad, said: "If Sir Robert is there, the Queen comes right out of her shell. I mean, she loses her reserve."

Turn to page 10 for color picture of Sir Robert and Dame Pattie Menzies.

★ ★ ★
A REALLY competent housekeeper is expected to be an important part of the new household Princess Alexandra will establish after her marriage to the Hon. Angus Ogilvy (story page 7).

The Princess makes no secret of the fact that she is not the least domestic.

She has several times visited Thatched House Lodge, the mansion in Richmond Park, which will be their home.

Already workmen are preparing to start redecorating.

A friend of Angus Ogilvy's said: "I visualise certain rooms decorated in Alexandra's favorite celadon-green.

"I think it will be the color chosen for the dining room. They have already received a wedding-gift of a Wedgwood dinner-set in that color."



• Princess Alexandra

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963

MARRIED TO DANGER

The nightclub singer who became the wife of Donald Campbell—holder of the world water speed record and contender for the land speed title at Lake Eyre—tells her story

By
**TONIA
BERN**
(Mrs. Donald
Campbell)

BEFORE long my husband may be the fastest man on earth. Or I may be a widow.

These are the two extreme alternatives of success and failure contained in his attempt to beat the world land speed record, for to do this he has to drive at speeds approaching 450 miles an hour — near the limit at which a wheeled vehicle can travel and not take wing like a plane or a bird. It is near the ultimate of stress on man and machine.

Win or lose, I want to write of the wonderful man

I married, and the dream we have shared together.

You can imagine what the awful knowledge of these alternatives means to me, and has meant to me, for I have lived with it, day and night, for many months. Two and a half years ago I stood on a sweeping sun-baked expanse of salt desert in Utah, in America, and watched officials drag Donald bleeding and fearfully injured from the smoking wreckage of his car after it had crashed in his first attempt to beat the record.

Only a handful of people really know how near I came to being a widow.

For weeks after this surgeons, doctors, and nurses fought for his life. And for much of this time between then and now my husband has been a desperately ill man.

Realising this risk, many people ask how I can possibly allow Donald to endure such danger again in an attempt to break a record that has already stood for

16 years. "What does it matter who holds it?"

To me, and to the man I love, it matters more than any other thing in the world. People who ask me why can know little of the bonds of love, affinity, and shared purpose that bind Donald and me. Yet it wasn't always this way for us.

TO be frank, the first six months of my marriage nearly killed me. For the first time in my life I was jealous, and, like most new wives, I was possessive. There were no other women of whom I could be jealous, but I was jealous of Donald's consuming ambition to be the fastest man on land and water.

For my part I still thought of myself not as his wife but as Tonia Bern, the singer who could top the bill in cabaret in New York, London, Paris, or Rome; the woman who loved night life and bright lights and wonderful dresses. I couldn't



even partially submerge my personality in his.

I was simply not mature enough to realise that Donald wanted a wife who would share his dream, who would be present at meetings and discussions on technical matters arising out of his record attempts.

And then, quite by accident — as I will tell — I overheard a friend speaking

TONIA BERN was born in Belgium. Her single gold earring is the replica in miniature of a singing award she won in Italy in 1955. Donald had it copied by a craftsman jeweller.

to Donald about me, and realised for the first time what was wrong — and what I must do to make matters right.

Thus, when people ask me now why I have let my husband go on to make another attempt on the land speed record, I ask them a question in return:

"How could I stop Donald doing what for him is the most important thing in his life? And what right would I have even to consider doing so?"

This leads me to another question: What makes Donald tick? Why is he so

Continued overleaf

THE FAMOUS BLUE-BIRD, in which Donald Campbell will make his speed record attempt on the salt bed of Lake Eyre, South Australia, in a few weeks' time.

NEXT WEEK:

Night and day dresses

12-page pattern makes both



● Night (above) and day dresses, both made from the 12-page lift-out pattern in our next issue.

A 12-page pattern that makes a smart day dress and a delightful evening dress for your winter wardrobe is in our next issue.

The full-size pattern — with sewing instructions and diagrams — is in a lift-out section you can pull from the paper for easy handling. No tracing is needed.

The day dress has a high neckline, three-quarter sleeves, and a slightly belled skirt. The short evening dress has a camisole top — sleeveless and with a scooped neckline — and a lace overskirt.

Remember, the one pattern makes both. Don't miss it.

● Glossary of French cooking

You need never be baffled by a French menu or a term in a French recipe if you keep handy the Glossary of French Cooking in our next issue. Prepared on behalf of the Foods of France Information Bureau, it explains — simply and in alphabetical order — the terms and foods most commonly used in French cooking.

● Princess Grace as guide to Monaco

In color, Princess Grace in her first film role in seven years — as a guide in an hour-long television tour of Monaco, just released on American and Canadian TV.

● Fashions in the shops

In a four-page section, the winter fashions — hats, coats, suits, dresses, evening wear — on sale in the shops. The designs are new, practical, and smart. Prices and shops are listed.

Continued from previous page

anxious to break speed records?

Well, he was born into this particular world; his father, the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, was possibly England's most famous record maker and breaker. He held the records for speed on water and on land.

Donald now holds the record for being the fastest man in the world on water in his boat Bluebird.

As far back as he can remember, he heard of little else but record attempts and preparations; it is in his blood and bones.

My own childhood and upbringing in a seaside town in Belgium, where my father owned several hotels, could hardly have been more different. But I know exactly how he feels.

He grew up in a boy's dream world of speed; instead of being "Alice in Wonderland," his boyhood and youth could be called "Donald in Wonderland."

Cars, aeroplanes, guns, boats—all these surrounded him. All still belong to a part of him that will never grow up. He remains just an adventurous boy with a terribly inquiring mind.

When he sees some new mechanical gadget he always says: "How come that works the way it does?" He never accepts that it just works and leaves it at that.

THUS to make record attempts is not just his career or an ambition; it is his whole life. It is not really a source of income, either, for each attempt costs much more than all the personal prestige is worth.

But he is concerned in case Russia or America may possibly take the record from us should his attempt to beat it fail. This could be very serious, for enormous benefits in trade and prestige, especially in the world of motor and marine engineering, accrue to the country that holds both land and water speed records.

(The present land speed record, 394.2 miles per hour, was set by another Englishman, the late Sir John Cobb.)

Donald is fanatically British.

I have seen him watch the Queen speaking on TV on Christmas Day, and he has sat there literally with tears in his eyes, so moved by all the tradition, by the sight of the Sovereign.

I am moved in much the same way when I hear a truly great singer: Edith Piaf, for instance, Judy Garland, or Frank Sinatra. All these people can make me feel terribly emotional. I feel them as Donald does, without my being British. So I can understand him, and the forces that drive him on to risk his life for what is to him an ideal, the ultimate accolade.

If ever he has to stop making record attempts, then I am sure he will do something else out of the or-

dinary, like diving under the sea to find another lost city, a second Atlantis; or something else that demands skill and courage and endeavor. This is just him; he is never satisfied with what he has done today; only by the hope of what he can do tomorrow.

When he won the water speed record a few years back, for instance, nothing would stop him from breaking his own record. And he did — five times.

BUT to return to the accident two and a half years ago, when everything so nearly ended — for then I can try to explain what these record attempts mean to both of us, and why they will go on.

We went for a quiet holiday in Majorca a few weeks before the Utah attempt, and all the while Donald was very tense. He said that he did not feel it right to take me to America with him. He didn't say why, for he didn't know why himself; he just felt that he shouldn't take me.

Very often Donald does something and admits that he doesn't know why he should have taken such a course of action, but afterwards events show us both the reason. He is very sensitive to atmosphere, almost fey. He even knows what I think, however much I may pretend I'm thinking of something else!

I kept asking him why he didn't want me to accompany him to America, and then I realised that he didn't know himself why he shouldn't take me: it just grew out of a feeling of vague, unfocused foreboding.

So I said to him: "Look, this is in your hands completely. If you take me, I'll be delighted. If you don't, I'll hate it, but I'll manage. But you must feel com-

MARRIED



RELAXING in vivid kimono she bought in Honolulu, Tonia has a word with Mr. Whoppit, husband Donald's lucky mascot, who has been with him on two successful water-speed-record attempts and was with him when he crashed in Utah.

plane from Los Angeles, but there was engine trouble and we were three hours late for the Press reception for us in Utah. A bad beginning.

Fortunately the car in which Donald was to make his record attempt was already there.

The car is blue; hence its name, Bluebird. Donald is very superstitious, believing that blue is a lucky color. Most of the things in our

"A great cloud of salt dust erupted in the blazing emptiness of the desert . . . I stopped running — I was afraid of what I might see."

plane from Los Angeles, but there was engine trouble and we were three hours late for the Press reception for us in Utah. A bad beginning.

In the end he said he did want me there. But from the moment we arrived in America things went wrong; little irritating things in themselves, that nevertheless added up to a total of annoyance and worry.

When we arrived in Los Angeles by air from London the car sent to meet us at the airport was driven by a man who was a total stranger to the city. We drove around for two hours before we found the Beverly Hills Hotel — the contender for the title of fastest man on earth was made to take two hours on a 20-minute journey.

We flew by chartered

home in Surrey are blue—carpets, paintwork, ornaments. We had our first quarrel over a little pot of anemones I had as a bachelor girl. This pot was green, but I insisted on keeping it and for once I won.

Donald's father never wanted green — although it is the color under which British cars race — and Donald won't have it, either.

Green, on the other hand, has been lucky for me. When I've attended auditions wearing a green dress I've always landed the job. And I always did well when I wore a green dress in a show. In the end, if my dress wasn't green, I cheated by making sure that I wore a green underskirt.

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TO DANGER

on the measured mile, marked by flags, and four more miles for him to slow down. I didn't like the look the ridges of soft brown salt that had been left either side of the course, and that did not seem the time to say so. Donald was trying out an oxygen mask in case breathing was difficult in the tiny cockpit of the car, watched him adjust his mask, and then he was off.

UCH was Bluebird's unbelievable acceleration that within a mile he was ready travelling at 360 miles an hour.

The car went very well. I climbed into a following car with Peter Carr, one of our team, and my friend Mrs. Freeman. I had Donald's walking shoes with me. He wears special shoes of very soft, supple suede when he is driving Bluebird, because he must be able to feel the controls with his feet, and these driving shoes more like foot gloves than shoes — are useless to wear inside. And so I carried his shoes to the other end, and usually climbed out of the bird while tyres were changed and fuel levels in checked.

Although we covered the course at about 90 miles an hour, we were some time before him. He was already out of his car and in great pain — too great, as it turned out afterwards.

He said that he had been driving about 150 miles an hour when suddenly right in the middle of the salt flats, across his path, he saw another jeep.

A crash seemed impossible to avoid, and yet he dared not apply the brakes too suddenly at such a speed or Bluebird might turn over. Again as these thoughts shuddered through his mind, the jeep vanished.

He realised that he had seen a mirage, an optical illusion of a Highway Patrol car that was standing by the side of the course in the heat of accident.

With his first shock at seeing another vehicle in his path he had drawn in his breath in consternation. He thought that he was not breathing air but pure oxygen.

While he told us about it I thought he appeared unusually excited, but put down to the reaction after the drive. He soon沉了 down, and by the time he took his place in the car he was completely calm.

BLUEBIRD started on the run back. Always it began to move very slowly, fast as though in slow motion, and then, swish, it was gone, leaving only a roar in the ears and a shimmering of hot exhaust above the desert. We watched it go and as we climbed into our car he said to me: "You know, when Donald sits in the car he really starts moving. He's going to break

that record. Just look at him!"

And as we looked we saw a great cloud of salt dust suddenly erupt from the blazing emptiness of the desert. But even then it didn't dawn on me what had happened. Then I looked at Vera and her face was as white as salt.

"He's had an accident," she said hoarsely. And then I realised that at that speed the crash could surely only mean one thing — death. This one short, sharp moment of realisation seemed as long as a lifetime.

We raced over the bumpy desert in the direction of the settling cloud.

It was several minutes up the course, and, as we approached, the driver stopped our car about 200 yards from Bluebird, which was half driven into the ridge of soft salt at one side. He was afraid to take me any nearer for fear that Donald might be badly smashed and maimed.

As our car stopped, I leapt out of the door and started to run toward the wreckage. It seemed as though I was in some way outside myself, watching what was happening, having no part in it or of it.

I suddenly had a vision of my brother Daniel, who had died at 17 from encephalitis after a seven-week battle for his life. We had been immensely close and his death had taken me years to accept. Now, I thought, my God, how am I going to get over my husband's death?

And I stopped running, because I was afraid of what I might see. If Donald was dead, I did not want to remember him as he might be in the cockpit, broken and covered with blood, but as he had been — full of life and laughter, as I had known and loved him.

Then just as suddenly, as though in a dream, I heard

"Even as I sat at his bedside and looked at his battered body . . . I made up my mind that I could do nothing to oppose him."

Vera saying: "But the car's the right way up."

I looked again and saw the familiar blue tail-fin and realised that all was not yet lost. Donald had often told me that the car was safe as well as fast. There was still a chance that he was alive.

So I started running again, praying to my dead brother as I toiled along: "Make him be alive, make him be alive!"

I hated that car with all my might, I hated it like hell as I ran to it through the sunshine across the burning salt, and then paused, gasping for breath, feeling the warm polished metal of its blue body under my hands.

Two highway patrolmen were already lifting Donald out of the wreckage and he winked up at me and kept saying: "It's all right, darling. It's all right. I'm alive." At that moment I loved the car with all my might.

Donald's face was cut and bleeding, but his eyes were clear. As they carried him to the ambulance he whispered, "Don't come with me in the back."

So Peter went with him, because he was numbed almost beyond feeling, and he didn't know yet how serious his injuries were.

He was afraid that he might die in the ambulance and he did not want me to see him die.

I sat in front with the driver, and although I never cry in front of Donald — I'd promised him I would never collapse or lose my head — I cried now.

THE hospital was a journey of one and a half hours away in a place called Tooele: it was easily the longest journey of my life. Our trip to Australia for this new attempt on the record seemed only a fraction of its length.

As I sat up in front, there came a knock on the little window in the division between the cab and the back of the ambulance, and I looked through it and Peter said: "He wants you to see him. Everything's safe."

"You're sure?"
"Absolutely," Peter replied comfortingly.

But Donald still did not realise that the car was a complete wreck. He kept on repeating: "We'll see the hospital and then we must go back and try to repair the car."

When we stopped outside the hospital two men rushed out with a stretcher.

"Nonsense, nonsense," Donald said brusquely. "I was carried into this ambu-



AT THE WEDDING, on Christmas Eve, 1958, was Donald's daughter, Gina. He had been married twice previously and Tonia once. They had met at a party a few weeks before.

Meanwhile, we can't let him go back."

So Donald was forced into bed, and for two nights and two days he was roused every 15 minutes while nurses checked his blood pressure and his temperature and the constant search went on to find the site of the fracture. And although he was drugged with sedatives, all this time he remained conscious.

For 11 days he lay between life and death, and all the while the spinal fluid leaked from his ear, the only outward clue to the gravity of the injuries within.

I don't like giving the impression of being a poor little woman sitting by his side all these days and nights, because I am not a poor little woman. I love life. I'm madly vital and interested in everything.

Peter looked at me as much as to say, "How do we tell him it's written off?"

Despite Donald's chirpiness, the doctors were desperately worried.

"We can't let him go, Mrs. Campbell," they told me. "There might be a fracture somewhere, because there's spinal fluid seeping from one of his ears. But it's difficult at this moment to see just where the fracture is.

the crash Donald was desperately ill. Many men might have recovered more quickly, but not Donald, for when he felt even a little better, instead of building up his strength gradually, he would start all sorts of projects before he was strong enough to carry them through to fruition.

The result was that his health had setback after setback.

THROUGH these anxious months he suffered regular attacks of great pain, like pins and needles in his head, and then he would say to me quietly, "Please hold my hand."

At these times he looked 20 years older. But gradually these attacks lost their ferocity and their frequency, and now, of course, he is back to his old self, his old ebullience.

But in the days and nights immediately after his accident all this lay in the future. And none of us knew whether he would even have a future.

One night he reached out

and took my hand without really knowing what he was doing. It was an instinctive gesture. At that moment I felt that we were closer than we had ever been. I knew then that we were not simply two people, but one.

That same day a telegram had arrived from Alfred Owen, the British industrialist, offering to build him a new car, and I had to decide what to do.

Was I to allow and encourage my husband to go through it all again after an escape that was no less than a miracle? Or was I to plead with him to give up his record attempts?

Even as I sat at his bedside and looked at his battered body that was only just alive, I made up my mind that I could do nothing to oppose him. This was not to be the end but the beginning.

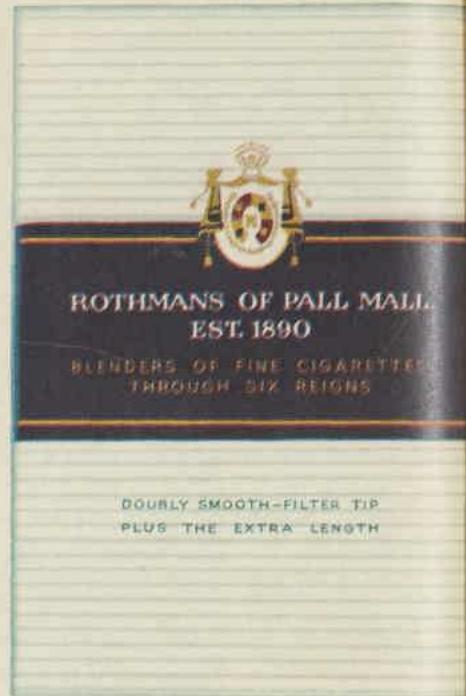
Speed was Donald's world and, as I was his wife, it would also be mine. From now on it would be ours: the work, the setbacks, the tragedies. And, let us hope, the triumphs; for I feel it was my decision, too, which has led to this latest attempt.

NEXT WEEK: The incredible dream that changed my entire life.

The Symbol of the World's Best known — Largest Selling King Size Virginia Filter



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Filter:**



Over the years the distinctive BLUE BAND has become synonymous with the high quality of Rothmans King Size Filter—Australia's most wanted cigarette.

Numerous brands have attempted to imitate the specifications and design of Rothmans King Size—in certain instances even the BLUE BAND has been copied. But no

other cigarette has been able to equal the quality of Rothmans King Size Filter.

So long as Australians continue to compare the tobacco, to compare the filter and to demand true King Size Flavour, Rothmans King Size Filter will continue to be FIRST IN AUSTRALIA—FIRST IN THE WORLD



No wedding-day panic for Alex

By DIANA GIBSON

- With the announcement of the bridesmaids chosen to attend Princess Alexandra, all plans for her wedding on April 24 are now well advanced — thanks entirely to the down-to-earth efficiency of her fiance, Angus Ogilvy.

THE Hon. Angus has been very conscious of the fact that Alexandra was below par last year, when she had a series of throat problems which finally led to a tonsils operation.

He is determined that their wedding shall not be spoilt by her being tired out with last-minute problems and is insisting that everything be settled in advance to give her a quiet week before the big day.

He knows only too well that, as the wedding day grows nearer, work and excitement usually increase to exhaustion pitch.

He saw this happen when he was best man for his mother, Lord Ogilvy, and he said recently to a friend: "We are going to get as much as possible done completely in advance so that we can enjoy the wedding ourselves."

The final choice of the bridesmaids was made because four of the five chosen, Princess Anne, Emma Tenant, Doune Ogilvy, and Virginia Butter, are absolute experts at their job. Only the six-year-old Duchessa Elizabeth of Austria has not had the experience of a large London wedding.

But it is felt she only has to follow the others.

The two little boys, the Master of Ogilvy, aged 5, and Simon Hay, 7, were also chosen with a view to their self-possession.

But the rejection of Prince Andrew as a page on the grounds that he is too young will sadden many of those hoping to see him in the role for the first time.

Princess Alexandra was influenced in her choice of child retinue because most of her girl-friends are married and she herself is much taller than most of those who could have been considered for the role.

The bridesmaids' dresses have already been chosen and Alexandra has chosen, bought, or ordered her entire trousseau.

Some of her purchases may be a "give-away" of Alexandra's honeymoon destination; for they indicate a sea and sunshine holiday.

Princess Alexandra has bought several gay beach outfits from a famous French designer whose playsuits Princess Margaret took on her Caribbean honeymoon.

Two nights before Alexandra's wedding, the Queen is giving a dinner dance for her in the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle.

Her glamorous gown for

this occasion has been made by John Cavanagh, her wedding-dress designer.

Amid all their wedding plans, Alex and Angus spent weeks of house-hunting.

They finally chose the 17th-century Thatched House Lodge, which stands in 2200 acres of Royal parklands and deer forest in Richmond Park, Surrey, just 10 miles from London.

The house, which they're renting for five years from the Duchess of Sutherland, has 12 bedrooms, six bathrooms, six reception rooms, two cottages, a squash court, heated swimming-pool, and a stable block.

Wedding presents have been pouring into Kensington Palace for the past month, and one by one the items on the list drawn up by Alexandra and Angus and left at Harrods are being crossed off.

This list varies from a request for vastly expensive hand-painted china for special occasions to blue-and-white Cornish kitchenware, which can be bought reasonably anywhere.

Judging by the list of gifts they'd like, photography and gardening are two hobbies Alex and Angus share.

He wants an expensive, complicated camera; Alex



AT AIRLIE CASTLE, the Scottish home of Angus Ogilvy's parents, the Earl and Countess of Airlie, Princess Alexandra walks arm in arm with her fiance. In the background are their mothers.

wants a cheaper, simpler one.

Each is fond of casual though not highly skilled gardening and they have asked for teak flower-tubs, gardening tools, and a wrought-iron garden seat.

They also want a picnic basket and portable barbecue, and Alexandra asks for a shooting-stick.

They apparently like to play cards in the evening, for a card table, counters, a

bridge set, and a roulette game have been asked for.

On the domestic side Alex has listed an ironing-board, sewing-machine, and desk set.

It has been suggested that the young couple will visit Rhodesia later this year in a semi-official capacity, and although friends say Alex is hoping for children "as quickly as possible," she doesn't plan retirement.

She has expressed complete willingness to work as hard as ever for the Royal family until the demands of a family alter the position.

Already she has made plans for the first addition to the household.

She has asked her mother and brother to give her a puppy to soften the blow of parting from Humphrey, the golden retriever, and Chin Chin, the white Pekinese.

Why Margaret juggled an egg

- Builders working on Kensington Palace, the new home of Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, were completely mystified one day recently when they watched through the window and saw them juggling an egg about in their half-finished kitchen.

THE builders didn't realise that this brown-shelled hen's egg played an important part in getting the kitchen decor to Margaret and Tony's liking before they moved into the completely renovated No. 1 Kensington Palace.

The egg came to the rescue when Margaret was complaining that she couldn't get the exact egg-shell-brown coloring and

finish she wanted on the kitchen work-tops.

All work came to a standstill while experts produced color after color, pattern after pattern.

Nothing was right, however. Then one day Margaret and Tony arrived with a brown hen's egg, handed it to the decorators, and said: "That is exactly what we want. Will you please take that egg and copy it?"

After some trial and much error the experts got the exact color and brown egg-shell finish.

Though it was such a complex job getting this done to the complete satisfaction of both Margaret and Tony, nothing else about the kitchen is complex. In fact it is as plain and simple and practical as can be.

The color scheme of plain white with grey is relieved only by the brown touches.

The only really modern things about the kitchen are three electric wall ovens and a set of gas rings, which are separate from the ovens and set into a work table.

Over the rings is an air-conditioning hood, the shape of which caused Tony a great deal of trouble.

Many designs were submitted, but none was satisfactory, so Tony then tried his skill.

Margaret didn't like his designs either. Tony called in a young friend who works with a decorating firm, and he came up with the design which was finally used.

It is interesting that all the kitchen fittings chosen by Margaret and Tony are the cheapest available.

Similar ones can be bought in any shopping area as "do-it-yourself" units and assembled in the kitchen to be painted in specially chosen colors by any handyman.

Identical units are currently on show at an Ideal Home Exhibition in London.

And any British housewife could go and buy pale brown biscuit-colored kitchen work-tops to cover the "do-it-yourself" units which are almost exact copies of Margaret's hen's egg tops at a quarter the price.

Decorating experts who had to put up with lightning changes of mind on Tony's part for months before the kitchen was finalised have finished the job with a surprise for themselves.

One and all they are

amazed at how practical Princess Margaret is.

One of them was overheard by builders saying: "You know, I'm absolutely amazed. When I could get her to myself and explain the position about any given item, she would listen quietly, ask me highly intelligent questions, and say, 'Yes, I see. I follow exactly what you mean.'

"She would think a minute, look at what we were talking about, and arrive immediately at a decision.

"Sometimes Tony would try to change her mind or bring up another idea, but she very rarely altered a thing once she'd decided."

Workmen outside the building became used to being unintentional eavesdroppers and observers of endless flights of fancy on Tony's part.

One of them said: "You know he was always starting

out on ideas, finding himself completely bogged down on the practical side of things, giving up and handing it back to the experts—saying 'this is your job. You work it out.'

"Then he'd start on another idea which usually ended the same way.

"I think they must have had nearly a hundred designs for that hood thing in the kitchen."

To go with the kitchen Margaret and Tony have a brand-new young French chef who is proving to be a highly successful member of their household.

At one time he was extremely worried that Tony was going to make the kitchen far too arty and crafty to work in.

But he is delighted with his plain white walls, eggshell work-tops, grey tiling behind the wet surfaces, and all his own familiar used kitchen utensils.

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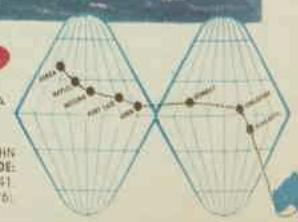


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 27, 1963



What IS a Surfer?

With discussions raging about Sydney's newest teenage groups, Surfers and Rockers, we asked Kerry Yates, one of our cadet journalists, to tell us what she knows about the cults.

OWN a surfboard and spend much of my time riding the waves at different beaches. I like to think of myself as a surfer, not a surfer. Lately there's a big difference.

The true surfer hates the Surfer, and can you see him?

It has come to label all board riders as young maters who bleach their hair with sink-cleaners and drive away visitors from the places where they surf.

This is not so.

Riding has become THE cult for many hundreds of teenagers. Sure, we have a common interest—a love of surfing—but we are one big cult, as recent publicity makes out.

Every beach has its locals, who live nearby and usually on the same part of the beach all summer. But an interesting thing about surfing is that you don't always stay at your own beach.

Every weekend the surf safari is on. The really keen riders tie their surfboards on to the roofs of cars and travel around in search of the best waves.

So if you happen to see a couple of hundred surfboard riders at one end of the beach, it's not a meeting of the Ku-Klux-Klan—it's just that the best surf is there.

Why do they seem to gather in groups in one part of the surf and sand?

Most beaches mark off special areas for riding boards, and if we ride "out of bounds" there's a chance of our boards being confiscated for a few weeks and even of our being fined.

The so-called Surfers seem to include all the teenagers with blond hair, long shorts, and bare feet who happen to be fond of riding surfboards. Nowadays it seems to be a crime to be one of them.

Surfers are said to be guilty of using indecent language on the beaches, gatecrashing private parties,

riding their boards into groups of body-surfers, and most recently brawling with another teenage group, namely, the Rockers.

But I think the boys and girls involved are just common larrkins in a new guise—that of the Surfer.

A Surfer usually bleaches his hair with peroxide, lemon juice, or even sink-cleaners

Only the other day I saw two boys coming out of the surf at Manly carrying their boards and wearing blond wigs. The wigs were the synthetic ones that Sydney women buy in thousands, priced about 49/11. The boys certainly proved the wigs were washable!

This was quite amusing and strictly for fun. But it's

By KERRY YATES

for that sun-bleached outdoor look which most real surfers acquire naturally.

But this is not really offensive—just immature.

Some buy surfboards and may even become good riders. They wear cut-down jeans (they protect your knees and the insides of your legs from rubbing against the board), but the trouble is they never wear anything else, so they look untidy most of the time.

no joke when Ho-dads help to brand all surfboard-riders as beach hoodlums.

(Ho-dads: Characters who try to surf without knowing how, or observing the unwritten rules. Nuisances.)

Now I'm not saying that all board-boys are fine, upstanding citizens. There are many who just think surf, surf, surf, and do nothing else—day in, day out.

Many wag school, others

"just for the thrill of it."

They speak perfect English, and usually have such a confident "front" that they have no trouble getting into private parties and dances.

The same teenagers also hold wild parties—but in beautiful two-storeyed homes. Where are their parents? Half-way round the world on a business trip.

Poor excuse

The Rockers say there's not much to do in the Western Suburbs. They say they race cars and motor-bikes along the highways, gatecrash dances and parties—for lack of something better to do.

Well, really that's a poor excuse. The Western Suburbs may lack beaches, but there are swimming-pools, bowling alleys, squash-courts, picture-shows, etc., just as at the beach suburbs.

In fact, the surfboard-riders also have a problem. Many lifesaving clubs are against special board clubs and seem to think they will lose members to this sport.

But some beaches have been able to come to successful arrangements. In return for a clubhouse to leave surfboards, hold dances and film nights, the board-riders do patrol duty and help run the surf clubs.

But until all beaches come to some agreement, the board-boys also have to look round for something to do at night and when they can't go riding at the weekends.

Fun and entertainment don't just happen—they have to be made. Anyone would be bored meeting the same people every day at the same corner or milkbar. It would be easy to be led astray by someone offering a little excitement.

The Rockers could really put their cars and bikes to better use—as transport to a beach for a swim. And I mean a swim.

It's only natural that Surfers become suspicious of the crowds who come to the beaches but don't go near the water.

So the local Surfers yell "Go home, tourists," and the Rockers complain that they won't be told what to do by the Lemon Drop Kids (Surfers with bleached hair).

And so the war is on.

The public are alarmed. They read and hear that these are examples of Sydney's youth. Well, they're BAD examples!

Results of "Baby Talk"

Winning caption in our "Baby Talk" contest No. 4 was sent in by Mrs. J. A. Jones, Frost Street, Nth. Ipswich, Qld.

Mrs. JONES won first prize of £20 for her caption:

"Well—(hic)—I really have to complain about noise."

Here are the other winning entries:

£10 prize to Mrs. R. Jackson, 51 Mortimore St., Surbiton, Vic.:

"I must not boast, but it is a private investiture."

Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. Mary Lange, 583 Arnhem Rd., Seacombe Gardens, S.A.:

"I don't approve of these parties, Higgins—but we must be democratic."

Mrs. L. James, 19 Moray St., Floreat Park, W.A.:

"I can't help comparing with Elsa Maxwell's last

Prizes of £2 each:

Mrs. T. Williamson, Box 11, P.O., Doodlkine, W.A.: "I'm getting married in the morning, so get me to the church on time."

Mrs. J. Hardiman, 2/196 Pacific Highway, Greenwich, N.S.W.:

"Farouk" — spelt F-A-R-O-U-K"

Mrs. N. L. Carington, Yelland St., Charters Towers, Nth. Qld.:

"Well, a man's entitled to one night a year, isn't he?"

Mrs. J. E. Bentley, 45 Salisbury St., Unley Nth. S.A.:

"I've been a playboy all my life."

Lee Pattinson, Pioneer St., Foster, Vic.:

"Actually, old man, the wife picked it out."

Far and away the most



popular entry was "Bring on the dancing girls."

There were many along the lines of "I'm all tied up just now," "Boy, what a party," and "I'm the king of the castle."

The baby was seen as

being at parties and reunions.

Popular likenesses included Prince Rainier, Churchill, Mr. Menzies, Ned Kelly, and Hedda Hopper.

Next Week: Results of Baby Talk No. 5.



AT MANUKA OVAL the Queen and Prince Philip attended a Ceremonial Parade of Officer Cadets, after making a visit to the Australian War Memorial. The Queen chose a breton-style hat with a brim of pleated panels looped round a net crown.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

CANBERRA'S JUBILEE WEEK



ATTENDING Canberra's Golden Jubilee Ceremony, the Queen was a colorful figure in a patterned chiffon dress and coat, with a matching hat of tightly bunched chenille flowers. The function, held on the lawns in front of Parliament House, was attended by 10,000 people, including 13 Canberra pioneer residents, who met the Royal couple.

£1000 ROYAL HAT CONTEST

● Your taste in judging millinery can win you £1000 in our Royal Hat Contest, which is now in its fifth week.

NEXT week we will announce the contest closing date, but, meanwhile, keep the color pictures of the Queen's hats in this issue.

To enter the contest you simply have to collect all the COLOR pictures in the paper showing the Queen wearing a hat.

Then decide which ten hats you think are the most becoming. Place your "top ten" in order of preference (from one to ten) on the entry coupon we will publish at the end of the contest.

The coupon will be accompanied by sepia "reminder" pictures of the Royal hats you will be judging. It will also include space for you to tell us, in not more than 30 words, why you chose Hat No. 1.

Then send us your completed coupon enclosing

YOUR COLOR PICTURES OF THE HATS.

You may send as many entries as you like. But each must have a separate coupon, with its own color-picture set of the chosen hats.

The reader whose selection is closest to the ten hats listed by our panel of judges will win £1000.

If there is a tie the prize will be awarded to the entry which, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.



PRIME MINISTER Sir Robert Menzies and Dame Pattie Menzies at the Royal Garden Party at "Yarralumla." They were acclaimed wherever they went following the conferring by the Queen of Most Noble Order of the Thistle knighthood on Sir Robert. It is the highest order conferred by a monarch on any Australian.



SYDNEY visitors at the Royal Garden Party included Mr. and Mrs. Peter Vicars (couple on the left) and Mr. Christopher Simpson and his fiancee, Miss Elke Dowidat, who is visiting Australia from Germany.



CANBERRA residents (from left) Mrs. R. G. Warren, Dr. and Mrs. Marc Faunce, and Mrs. C. A. Nicol pictured on their arrival at the Golden Jubilee Ceremony on the lawns in front of Parliament House, commemorating the founding and naming of the city fifty years ago.



KEEN spectators at the Ceremonial Parade of Officer Cadets at Manuka Oval were the Hon. Anne Sidney, the third daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and Miss Penelope Morgan Giles, of Darling Point (centre), with Lieutenant David Harris, R.A.N.



ABOVE: The Queen with the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, at the Royal Garden Party at "Yarralumla." For the delightful function the Queen chose a sheathed helmet-style hat.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu, of "Milton Park," Bowral, chatting with Mrs. W. S. Harris, of Canberra (on the left), at the Royal Garden Party at "Yarralumla," which was attended by 3000 guests.

Pictures by staff photographers RON BERG and KEITH BARLOW.

Facts about the most amazing floor covering available in Australia

See the gay, bright new patterns and colours! 
perfect for every room in the house!

* THE NAME IS "ROSSELLA"

Thousands and thousands of homelovers in this country have chosen "Rossella", and for very sound reasons. Without doubt, it's the world's most versatile, cosy-felt base plastic floor covering. Carpet-like designs and colours make "Rossella" ideal for every room in the house.

* SOFT AND SILENT

Because "Rossella" has a unique, specially selected felt base, it is soft and resilient. It cushions your every step, giving you excellent soundproofing and comfort. And it's perfect for children's rooms, too. "Rossella" is the cosiest of all floor coverings.

* NEVER NEEDS POLISHING

"Rossella" is rich with through and through colour, sealed under glossy, super tough plastic, there's no need for scrubbing and polishing, just a wipe over with a damp cloth brings it up like new. Saves you hours of work.

* EXTRA LONG-WEARING

"Rossella" is made up of a tough layer of practically indestructible plastic, bonded to a felt base. It will not scratch or crack, and is slip-proof. "Rossella" outwears most other floor coverings.

* HUGE RANGE OF COLOURS AND PATTERNS

Now in your store are the new patterns just released. See the new, gay "Calypso" design, in five glorious shades of yellow, red, green, gold and pink. There are over 22 different decorator colours and patterns to choose from.

* COSTS NO MORE

"Rossella" costs no more than A-grade lino, yet it wears for years and years. Sharp heels and furniture leave no permanent marks, they just "walk out". Saves you hours in cleaning time, yet "Rossella" always looks as bright as a new pin.

* EASY TO LAY

"Rossella" is available in full 51" width. Completely flexible, it can be laid just like ordinary wool carpeting, over any surface, even down stairs. And "Rossella" bends sharply without cracking.

* WHERE TO BUY "ROSSELLA"

"Rossella" is available from practically all furniture stores. If you should have any difficulty, write for the name and address of your nearest store, and for a free colour leaflet too.

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FATHER



"Thanks, but the plumbers promised they'd come today."

MOTHER



"But I LIKE having my clothes on the floor . . . I see where they ARE."

It seems to me

SINCE I became interested in racing I have heard of some strange methods of picking winners, but none stranger than that reported in the Hawke's Bay (N.Z.) Herald-Tribune early this month.

A New Zealand reader sent me the cutting which describes how a woman in Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, in the North Island, woke up one Saturday morning with an itchy toe.

Neither the woman nor her husband took a consistent interest in racing, but the itchy toe, for some inexplicable reason, struck her as an omen.

Because "itchy" has five letters and "toe" three, she decided to take a double coupling numbers five and three.

And because the toe is on the foot, she chose the race meeting farthest away from home, the one at Gore, at the "foot" of the South Island.

So her husband invested ten shillings on the double, the horses being Lectro and Happy Songster. Both won and the combination netted £78/3/6.

And now all form-studiers and rumor-gatherers can resume their own programmes, quietly gnashing their teeth.



Dorothy Draper

THE Soviet leader, Mr Khrushchev, doesn't like jazz, modern painting, and modern dancing.

He has complained about them all separately various times. A week or so ago he launched an anathema on all three. Jazz, he said, "makes you sick, causes stomach - ache." Abstract painting he described as "daubs that a donkey could paint with his tail." Modern dances were "simply indecent, frenzied, the devil knows what."

When Mr. K. carries on like this he may disturb young Russians, but not half as much as he disturbs people of his own mind on the other side of the political fence.

To be in agreement with the Soviet leader places them in a difficult position with their grandchildren, who are not slow to seize the advantage.

The main emotion of these conservatives of other countries is bitter envy. If the voice their prejudices in their own homes or in any gathering not entirely composed of their contemporaries, they are accused of not moving with the times, or having closed minds.

How blissful, they think, to be Mr. Khrushchev, and to speak without a shred of fear of contradiction.

SO many distinguished people speak so often of "the stress of modern life" that one hesitates to say they talk a lot of nonsense.

But I'm often tempted to say just that, believing that life was always more stressful for some people than for others, and that waiting for a horse-drawn bus was probably just as irritating as waiting for one with a diesel engine.

I don't think it is strain that affects people's health, or not often. I think it is their health that affects their ability to stand strain.

Nor am I impressed if someone mentions "living under the threat of nuclear destruction." I don't say it isn't a fact — I merely say that most people rarely give conscious thought to it. And that, if they did, they might reflect that their ancestors lived under the threat of destruction by bows and arrows, which could be just as fatal.

Well, let's not start a screaming argument at this point. Let us just switch gently to what are some of the most delightful things about modern life. Not the big conveniences and pleasures like jet travel and television, but the little ones.

Apart from seamless stockings (which removed one of the biggest stresses of looking properly dressed), my favorite thing is the paper bag for a vacuum-cleaner. Every time I fit a new one and fling the old one into the garbage I think: "Imagine that such joy can be bought for two bob!"

MR. TOM CORBETT, author of a book called "The State of the Ghosts of England," to be published soon, told a reporter: "I would say that at least two out of three ghosts are happy in their work."

"It's a trap I encountered when living on earth,"

Said this ancient, talkative ghost,
Who haunted a castle, a cushy beth
And was sighted more than most.

"You go to a job to earn a crust,

"You follow a natural bent,

"You think that you work because you must,

"But you find that it brings content,

"At first I was bored with my shelf
and chains

"To the great dismay of the duke,

"But soon I was taking particular pain,

"To act like a spooky spook,

"And now I'm a kind of executive ghost,

"Our midnight tours are hits,

"And we all enjoy—it's no idle boast—

"Chilling visitors into fits."

THE QUEEN AT THE ALICE

Her Majesty's enjoyment of her visit to Australia's outback is evident in the happy picture of her at right. She looked fresh and pretty for a morning's engagements at Alice Springs which included a visit to the Imlara Mara Art Gallery, the Royal Flying Doctor Base, and the John Flynn Memorial Church. Below is the scene at Traeger Park where hundreds of aboriginal children were among the crowds gathered to welcome the Royal visitors.



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Electrolux Pty Ltd

EL/29

Worth Reporting

WHAT would any Australian city be without its brilliantly changing sea of illuminated sky signs?

This drab thought is a constant spur to 22-year-old Rosalie Hardwick, of Dobroyd Point, N.S.W., who designs these signs.

"I suppose it's a branch of commercial art," said Rosalie. "But there are only a dozen or so designers in Sydney."

Rosalie's giant signs — she specialises in giants — light up cities throughout the Commonwealth.

"There's a lot to think about in designing a sign," she said, looking at the toothbrush she had just drawn for a prospective client.

"If you draw something larger and more expensive than the budget allows, you have to take out a fluorescent tube here and there."

A designer must also take into account the cost of the site for the sign. And one of the nice aspects of Rosalie's job is the trips she takes round the city, spot-



• Rosalie Hardwick

ting sites for sky signs and helping in the negotiations to buy them.

The most effective designs, she says, are those showing the product's name in large letters against a moving background.

Her most difficult design? "A Chinese sign," she said. "We had to get a Chinese calligrapher to do the letters and I copied them. I was terrified I'd get a letter wrong and the sign would have a different meaning."

"But it seems to have been all right."



• Dianne Barton

ACTRESS - SINGER

Dianne Barton, in Australia to play the leading role of Magnolia in "Show Boat" (which opens in Sydney on March 22 and in Melbourne in May), is an incurable sentimentalist.

The chunky gold bracelet she wears on her left wrist is massed with gold charms: mementoes of shows she has been in, presents from her husband and close friends, and charms she has picked up herself.

Dianne, 26, starred in "The Music Man" on tour through the United States, and among her charms are gifts from the show's composer, Meredith Wilson, and his wife, and producer Kermit Bloomgarden.

Actress Joan Weldon ("one of my very dear friends"), whom she replaced

as Marian the librarian in "The Music Man," gave Dianne an intriguing double-faced mask denoting comedy and tragedy.

From her husband, Robert Cruikshank (whose stage name is Robert Losden), there is a miniature watch and a tiny replica of the Cruikshank crest.

She also has a miniature of the key to her New York apartment, a tiny globe of the world ("I assure you I can use it"), a gold charm she received on leaving the "My Fair Lady" company, and countless others. There is just enough room to add a couple from Australia.

Dianne and her husband have a first-floor apartment in a typical brownstone building in 5th Avenue, New York, and another home in Pasadena, California.

Tartan trunk under kilts

WE were amazed to hear from Mr. Will Christie whose Sydney firm is the only one in Australia to make kilts, that on average three a day.

A kilt lasts for ever, even though Mr. Christie's main business is from Australia's 92 Scottish battalions there must be many Scots around. But quite a number of non-Scots order them, perhaps to wear as a winter sport. They cost £15 each.

Mr. Christie's shop keeps about 90 different tartans in stock, but they can order any of the 300 or so that are commercially woven. The Royal Stewart tartan is still top favorite.

The firm also makes kilts, pipes, and Mr. Christie always has a stock of 300 immediate sale. He imports the black wood for the "pipes" from Africa, but the "bag" is made of kangaroo skin, which is better than the traditional sheepskin.

A kilt is still made to conform with centuries-old tradition, taking six yards of material. It should just touch the ground when the wearer is kneeling, but King George V preferred his a little shorter.

Mr. Christie also makes short tartan trunks for modern kilt-wearers, but most people wear ordinary underclothes. The Scottish immigrants, he says, are not allowed to wear anything.

* * *

MRS. MARY AITKEN, a Melbourne woman, who made a cake for the Queen, received a handwritten note of thanks from the Queen's lady-in-waiting Lady Rose Bonham Carter, which is now among her most treasured possessions. (We published Mrs. Aitken's own special recipe for plum cake in our March 16 issue.)

Mrs. Aitken, with her son Gavan, delivered the cake from her St. Albans home to the Royal Yacht Britannia on the Saturday of the Queen's visit to Melbourne.

"We had a police escort," Mrs. Aitken said. "At the foot of the gangway we were met by one of the Queen's detectives, who took us to the quarters of her personal staff."

"We stayed on the yacht about 20 minutes talking with members of the personal staff, and we were shown the kitchens and some of other rooms," she said. "It was a wonderful visit."

It was an added delight for Mrs. Aitken when she received the "thank you" letter which had been written the same day. It said:

"Dear Mrs. Aitken,
I am commanded by the Queen to thank you for the lovely cake which you have made and sent to Her Majesty. It was most kind of you to take so much trouble, and I have to send you the Queen's sincere thanks."



Anne Matheson reports:

The Queen's own grooming tips

• One of the Queen's dress secrets is that she always wears fabric gloves—even for the biggest receptions in Canberra and the most formal occasions during her tour of Australia.

FOR evening functions, when the Queen wears evening gown, and tiara, the white gloves are made of washable fabric.

The cotton is cool and comfortable and the fabric is strong enough to be mistaken for silk. Fabric gloves solve the dry-cleaning problem for the Queen, which would be monumental, since she takes at least four clean pairs a day.

In the outback she changes more often than for the Queen is meticulous about her appearance. One of her secrets of staying immaculate—“She is stepping out of the car after a 100-mile drive over dusty roads, out of aircraft after a long flight, meeting and shaking hands with people—is that a pair of gloves is always at hand, as is a spare pair of stockings in case of perfect gloves.

The Queen could never shake hands if her hands were dirty, and there were many times in the outback when it was impossible to keep her gloves clean all the time. One reason was that Queen and all her household smeared them with insect repellent.

—a well-known emulsion which her doctor recommended.

The Queen's fabric gloves helped protect her from bites and, being absorbent, helped to keep her cool.

So many people have asked why the Queen wears seamed stockings while most smartly dressed women now wear seamless, that I asked a manufacturer for the reason.

Stockings

I was told that a seam at the back is still considered very smart, particularly for women who have to dress formally.

“The Queen must never look as though she is not wearing stockings,” he said. “And it is well known that a seam makes the legs look slimmer.”

On her visit to the Northern Territory the Queen was determined that neither heat nor the distances she had to cover would put too great a strain on her.

She collected a few extra tips on how to withstand even the longest and most trying functions—tips she might well have picked up from the Duntroon cadets. Their spit-and-polish parade, which could only be compared to her own Guardsmen trooping the color on her birthday, was not only the result of rehearsals but because the cadets were advised how to prevent fainting on parade.

Suggestions included concentrating the gaze at some interesting object in the distance and wiggling the toes and moving the kneecaps during long periods of standing.

The Queen had already picked up this tip from her own Guardsmen. She frequently rises on to her toes and drops back. At times she will stiffen her knees, then relax.

A beauty tip of the Queen's is well worth knowing—she moistens her lips and runs the tip of her tongue over her teeth, one of the best little exercises for muscular relaxation.

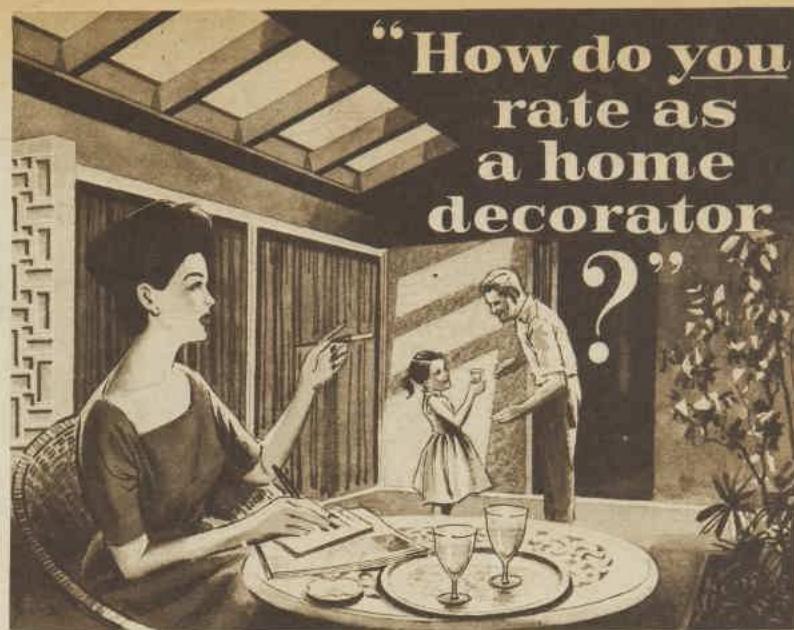
Hair-brushing

The Queen has face massage as frequently as she can, even in the outback. Her beautician is always available.

Henry Jocin, her hairdresser, has portable drying equipment when ashore and larger, faster dryers on board Britannia.

The Queen prefers good old-fashioned brushing to frequent shampoos and sets. She likes to keep hairdressing down to a minimum of time, and five minutes' comb-out each day is usually sufficient. That is one reason why the Queen does not affect difficult styles, and rarely changes her hairstyle.

“It would take up too much of her valuable time,” I was told.



Knowing how to make and keep a house attractive, not only to you but to your husband and children, helps you to create a happy life for your family. See how you rate in answering these questions.

QUESTIONS

1 Your Living Room is long and narrow. You would like to make it appear wider. Should you—

- (a) Paint in sharply contrasting light and dark colours?
- (b) Paint the ceiling dark?
- (c) Paint the walls in pastel colours?

2 When is it time to repaint your house outside?

- (a) When small cracks and/or minor peeling begin to appear on frames and sills, but the rest of the house looks in fair condition?
- (b) When there are large patches of breakdown in certain exposed areas?
- (c) When most of the paint has gone?

3 The paint on the walls in a room is peeling. What would be your strongest motive for repainting immediately?

- (a) It looks ugly and makes you uncomfortable when in the room?
- (b) It has a bad effect on your children?
- (c) Serious damage to the house structure will otherwise result?

4 You are going to be married and are planning your new home. Should you—

- (a) Select the furniture, and then plan the colour scheme?
- (b) Plan the colour scheme and then select the furniture?
- (c) Select the colours and furniture separately according to taste and make the best of it?

5 Your home is a hot house in the summer. You would like to do something to make it cooler. Should you—

- (a) Have strong colours on the walls, dark furniture and dark curtains?
- (b) Have light colours everywhere?
- (c) Do nothing because you can't change the temperature anyway?

6 What is the latest development in wall paint?

- (a) Synthetic Enamel?
- (b) Flat Oil Paint?
- (c) P.V.A. Plastic Paint?

7 What is the latest trend in paint for interior woodwork, doors, skirting, etc?

- (a) Plastic Paint?
- (b) Gloss Oil Paint?
- (c) Subdued Gloss Enamel?

8 You are going to paint woodwork in your kitchen and bathroom, and you want a mirror-like finish. Should you use—

- (a) A Gloss Oil Paint?
- (b) A Gloss Enamel?
- (c) A Plastic Paint?

ANSWERS

1 (c) Light coloured walls and ceilings make a room seem larger. Dark walls and ceilings make a room smaller and the ceiling lower.

2 (a) Small cracks and minor peeling usually first occur on window frames and sills. If left for any length of time, rain water will start a rotting process which will be very advanced and costly to rectify at a later stage.

“How do you rate as a home decorator?”

3 Probably all three, but in any case—

(c) Should make you want to repaint immediately. Moisture produced inside the average family home amounts to about 6 gallons a day. This moisture has to escape, and if there are openings in the paint surface, as in cracked or peeling surfaces, the moisture will cause damage to the structure of your house. Paint in good condition protects against the inroads of moisture.

4 (a) In the years immediately following the last World War, strong contrasting colours that dominated the rooms were much in favour. Most people to-day, however, realise that the furniture should be the centre of attraction in a room. It is considered best to paint walls in pastel colours that will highlight your furniture to its best advantage.

5 (b) Light colours reduce heat by reflection, dark colours increase heat by absorption. For maximum coolness cover dark and heavily upholstered furniture with light coloured slip covers. Remove heavy draperies and use light flimsy curtains. Paint walls and ceilings in light cool colours—blues, greens, ivory, off-white and white.

6 (c) P.V.A. Plastic Paint: Developed after the War it has revolutionised painting. Normally no sealer or undercoat is needed. Brushes wash under the tap and the paint dries in a matter of minutes. There is no unpleasant smell, and the surface is scrubbable. Be wary of cheap imitations, use only the best—PAMMATIC P.V.A. Plastic Paint, first choice throughout the world.

7 (c) Subdued Gloss Enamel. Provides a clean soft glow, and tends to create a quiet relaxed atmosphere in the home. For the most elegant and yet serviceable finish use PAMMETTE Subdued Gloss Enamel.

8 (b) A mirror-like finish can only be obtained with a Super Gloss Enamel. For best results use PAMMALAC Super Gloss Enamel.

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WW 27/3

Page 15

Be the best-dressed girl you know.



Keep a
**CUTEX WARDROBE
OF COLOURS**
for lips and fingertips



Most of the art of being well dressed lies in wearing the right clothes for the right occasions — and that means changing your lipstick and nail polish colours to go with them.

Fashion-conscious girls collect a *Cutex wardrobe of colours* in lipsticks and nail polishes, ready for all occasions. Why not start one of your own? With Cutex you have the very latest fashion shades to choose from. Keep adding to your collection as new colours come out. The latest Cutex fashion shade is OPAL ROSE — a subtle new colour with the delicate bloom of a rose. Why not start your wardrobe of colours with Cutex OPAL ROSE.

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The world's best selling nail polish!

Lipsticks 5/6, S'Lipstick de luxe case 6/11, Creme Polish 3/9, Pearl Brilliance 6/9 . . . in Cutex fashion colours.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1960

LETTER BOX



Childbirth jitters

It makes my blood boil to hear women who have experienced childbirth relating terrible tales to young expectant mothers. Surely this is unnecessary. Today there are wonderful breathing and muscle exercises, so let us encourage young women to start a family, and not scare them to the state where they think twice about having a baby.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Three" (name supplied), Leigh Creek, S.A.

Who was the famous Dorothy?

I WAS at a meeting recently where five out of 10 women present were called Dorothy. We were all around the 40-year-old mark. I wonder who was the famous "Dorothy" 40 years ago who made the name so popular that mothers named their daughters after her?

£1/1/- to "Dorothy" (name supplied), Chatswood, N.S.W.

They liked themselves

MY daughter, who has recently returned from a working holiday as a teacher in Canada, reports that in one school the headmaster decreed that each class should vote on who was the most likeable child in the class. When my daughter counted the votes of her class she found that each child had a count of one—everyone had voted for himself.

£1/1/- to "Good Going" (name supplied), Holland Park, Brisbane.

Memento of Gallipoli

I WONDER if anyone else has as interesting a souvenir as I have of World War I? It is the emu feathers from a Light Horseman's hat sent in a fuse-box to my mother after the Gallipoli campaign. I keep the feathers well preserved in mothballs and they are as pretty as the day they arrived, over 46 years ago.

£1/1/- to Rosina Gould, Tambellup, W.A.

She needs a strong thumb

WHEN wash-day arrives I pick up my packet of soap powder and on one side I find a perforation in the packet marked "Press Here." I almost fracture a thumb, and when that fails to open the packet I usually break a fingernail or two tearing away the top of the packet. I suggest that manufacturers, instead of occasionally having specials of "5d off," could include a thumb-strengthening course.

£1/1/- to "Frustrated Washerwoman" (name supplied), Watson, A.C.T.

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Roving eye

"WHAT'LL I Do?" (N.S.W.) complains of her husband's roving eye and open friendliness with his female colleagues at work. I would suggest that, if you can't beat them, join them. You should compliment him on his taste—and, very occasionally, criticise it. After all, it is really a feather in your cap to have been chosen as a wife by a man with such a connoisseur's eye and such an appreciative attitude to women. I would look at this as healthy male exuberance—which holds no threat to you.

£1/1/- to "J.S." (name supplied), Woollahra, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH my husband is 40—and looks it—he still has an eye for the girls. When we are out driving and a pretty girl appears he says to me: "You bob down, Mum," and "You kids call me uncle." But last week I got even with him. While he was eyeing a girl in bathers and saying to himself "Hubba hubba," I said to my youngest child, "Here, dear, give these sunglasses to your grandfather. His eyes need protecting these days."

£1/1/- to "Deflated Ego" (name supplied), Prospect, S.A.

"WHAT'LL I Do?" is lucky. It's time to start worrying when husbands become discreet about their relations with the opposite sex. Keep him young as long as you can. He'll calm down when rheumatism and blood pressure catch up with him.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Crow, Mundaring, W.A.

THE fact that the husband of "What'll I Do?" is so open about his friendship and joking with the girls at work shows that he is trying to make work easier for everyone. He is not doing it for his personal satisfaction, but because of his job.

£1/1/- to "Don't Worry" (name supplied), Devonport, Tas.

MY husband had a roving eye for the girls, too—until one day our son, aged six, brought him up with a shock by leaning out of the window and giving a wolf whistle at a pretty young girl on the footpath. Father was so shocked he hasn't "misbehaved" since.

£1/1/- to "Mad Mum" (name supplied), North Ipswich, Qld.



White, brown,
honey-tan,
red, beige.
Sizes 2-8.

**PUT YOUR TRUST
AND YOUR CHILD**

"JUMPING-JACKS"

by SAXONE

"Jumping-Jacks" are scientifically designed especially for very young children.

The one-piece sole and hidden heel aids balance at heel and ankle, makes your little one step out straight and strong. There's plenty of all-round room for toes to spread, grow and wriggle. And the special leather in the uppers lets baby's feet breathe, but is firm enough to give perfect support.

AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

From 33/11. (Slightly less in S.A.)

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PACIFIC
CRUISE**

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Page 17



● Raymond Burr, looking fitter — and lighter — than Australian viewers are seeing him on their screens now, when he was convalescing in the Bahamas after his recent operation.

Television

● Fit and well after his recent minor operation, Raymond Burr is back on the "Perry Mason" set ready to teach his rival, District Attorney Hamilton Berger, some new points in law.

RAYMOND BURR intends to stay fit and slimmer, and he has the enthusiastic support of his employers, C.B.S.

In the sumptuous new living quarters Columbia have provided for him at their Hollywood studios, there is an exercise-room complete with steam bath, horizontal bars, bar-bells, exercycle, and massage table.

"I spend an hour or two each day in the exercise room," said Raymond.

"My masseur comes in, gives me a good rubdown in the lunch-hour, and in the afternoon I take a break from filming to do a few

miles of roadwork on the exercycle.

"In the evenings I relax in the steam bath."

"But," he added ruefully, "the weight problem is still with me."

At his heaviest Raymond Burr once tipped the scales at 21 stone.

Now, by exercise and careful dieting, he manages to keep his 6ft. 4in. frame down to 12st. 7lb. — a good,

healthy weight for a man of his age and size.

And Raymond Burr looks healthy now, since his operation — much more healthy, indeed, than when he began the Perry Mason series more than six years ago.

His more placid manner could be due to the removal of the worry that his illness was more serious than it actually was.

● To celebrate the return of Raymond Burr to the set, regular members of the "Perry Mason" cast got together for this group picture. Front (from left): William Hopper (Paul Drake), Raymond Burr (Perry Mason), Barbara Hale (Della Street). Rear: William Talman (District Attorney Hamilton Berger) and Ray Collins (Police Lieutenant Tragg).



Bandstand-on-the-Yarra had them screaming

By DAWN JAMES

● Melbourne audiences are, I'm now convinced, descended from a long line of banshees. They proved it—with ecstatic howls which nearly fractured my TV set—when TCN9's "Bandstand Goes Moomba" was screened in Sydney last Wednesday.

CROWD of 10,000 went along to the Music Bowl, on the Yarra, to watch and yell encouragement when "Bandstand" was recorded during Melbourne's annual Moomba festival.

"You're great; that's a welcome," compere Ian Henderson told what he has been his biggest live audience. (He was looking clean-cut as usual screaming like mad.)

I enjoyed the show myself, quietly. Such bulk enthusiasm is infectious, and can be nothing more warming to a performer. So they gave their best, too—although with two of the opening singers this isn't good enough.

Or perhaps it's just that ears are not attuned to modern sound. For me, never, the highlight of the evening came at the end, with Col Joye.

Haven't seen him on TV ages—which is, it seems, loss. Candidly, I haven't thought about him much—except when he sent a Christmas card, which every kind considering we haven't met.

Mr. Joye has indeed developed into the compleat, as they say.

He CAN sing, which is, to begin with. He has considerable down-to-earth I'm-really-one-of-youism.

Anyone who can coax 100 people into singing an old melody in which they used to grunt like pigs is great. Anyone who can make me listen to the awfully round that results (and something approaching enthusiasm) is almost a genius.

* * *
IT'S make one thing clear: I am placidly glad to ABN2's presentation announcer-commentator Mr. Webster. When he is announcing, he is.

Mr. Webster always looks glowingly well scrubbed, efficient. He is friendly. He has a sense of humor. Why, then, does he undergo such a curious transformation when he's commenting on a special event like the Royal tour? He began brooding about during the Royal arrival

in Sydney when (among a series of other quaint remarks) Mr. Webster produced that unforgettable comment on the Queen's magnificent mounted-police escort. "Jog-jog, jog-jog," he said. At which there was a dead silence—stunned, I like to think—from the other commentators.

Watching the telecast of Canberra's jubilee ceremony last week, and listening to the commentary intoned by Martin Royal, I suddenly thought of Mr. Webster . . .

The Royal procession came into view. It was preceded by a police escort on motorcycles. And how would Mr. Webster have described that—"Chug-chug, chug-chug?"

On second thoughts (and to be fair), he quite possibly may have managed to restrain himself. All the same, Mr. Webster, you are showing signs of becoming too skittish. Please, don't.

Matt's horse was the hero

MARSHAL Matt Dillon is the acknowledged hero of "Gunsmoke" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.). His horse is the show's unsung hero. Or he was on last week's episode.

Not only did he have to carry the hefty Marshal (James Arness). There was this here storm threatenin', see? And the Marshal insisted on travelling in the middle of a river (small) right into the gale (big).

As soon as he got the chance, the horse took off, and I don't wonder.

This left the Marshal in a nasty predicament, because he had an injured buddy (Carl Reindel) on his hands.

He set off looking for the horse. And in the next half-hour he dealt with a hopeless couple whose three children had died of smallpox, three baddies and a fight, plus a tramp who had not only the Marshal's horse but the underworld habit of pelting people with fire-sticks.

Matt won through. He got the horse back (it had a resigned look on its face), remarking: "I've had quite a time getting you back today, son."

I'll say. They sure have the powerful gift of understatement in the West, pardner.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



COL JOYE: On "Bandstand Goes Moomba" he was introduced as the Golden Boy.

One for the 11th hour

DO you get Tuesdayitis?

Are you tired, moody, depressed? Me, too. And I have diagnosed the reason: TV's medical Monday, usually enough to make anyone glum.

After "Dr. Kildare"

(ABN2, 7.30 p.m.) I begin to wonder about a few physical symptoms. Then it's so easy to add some psychiatric complications, thanks to "The Eleventh Hour" (ATN7, 8.30 p.m.).

Here Dr. Ted Bassett (Wendell Corey) is a forensic psychiatrist. Presumably grabbing the best from Jim Kildare and Perry

Mason, Dr. Bassett is a doctor-lawyer type who often has to testify yes-or-no about his patient's sanity in court.

Following current medical TV tradition, he has a young offsider called Dr. Graham (Jack Ging) who has a pleasant untidy face and a fearsomely tidy mind.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked a woman patient recently.

"Nothing," she said.

"It's hard to think about nothing," Dr. Graham remarked acutely. (It is, too. Try thinking about nothing some time.)

"The Eleventh Hour" is a competently produced show. But no matter how competent, its theme—the problems of human behaviour, people tortured by mental problems they can't surmount—can hardly be described as stimulating.

While I don't believe that gaiety and light should be spread round regardless, I am squeamish enough to think that "The Eleventh Hour" is a show FOR the eleventh hour. Or, at least, a time-slot later than its present one.

New Films, Movie Gossip

With KIRSTEN WARD

★★ THE STORY OF THE HUMPBACKED HORSE

Russia's Bolshoi Ballet, superbly costumed and aided by skilful film production, present a ballet to delight ballet-lovers and a film that entertains magnificently. The characterisations are delightful—and even if you don't know the technicalities of ballet you will fully appreciate the beautiful dancing, especially that of Maya Plisetskaya, the principal. Children will be fascinated by the story, which is an old Russian fantasy. Trick photography and occasional cartoon treatment add to the spectacle.—Palace, Sydney.

In a word . . . DELIGHTFUL.

★★ THE HAPPY THIEVES

Three murders spoil the light-hearted effect of this tale of art-thieving trio. Rex

Harrison, Rita Hayworth, and Joseph Wiseman. The murders are not their fault but side-effects of mastermind Harrison's clever and stylish planning. The script is brisk and smart, and all the parts are well handled. The stars are charming—as thieves go. Rita Hayworth doesn't show her age at all. The film is lots of fun—except for the unnecessary killings.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . ENTERTAINS.

★★ A PAIR OF BRIEFS

Attractive counsel Mary Peach and unsure young barrister Michael Craig, who share the same chambers, accept opposite briefs in a case for restitution of conjugal rights. The courtroom, with that likeable tyrant James Robertson Justice as judge, becomes a market of merriment in a style of comedy at which only the British excel. Unexpected

twists and hilarious performances by Liz Fraser and Ron Moody add to the slightly far-fetched frivolity.—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . FUN.

SUZANNE PLESCHETTE, Troy Donahue's girlfriend, was worried that she was going deaf and had a thorough specialist's check-up. He told her to be more careful with her make-up—her ears were filled with hairspray!

A CASTING call went out from the set of "Paris When It Sizzles" recently for three men who could be funny and drive cars. They were needed for one of the zanier scenes of the comedy, which stars Audrey Hepburn and William Holden. Three Frenchmen were eventually signed . . . the personal chauffeurs of Miss Hepburn, Mr. Holden, and their director, Richard Quine.

The world's first instant sweet
HANSEN'S JUNKET
... still the most economical



and so good for all the family in

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AND

5 delicious flavours

NO COOKING . . . NO BEATING

Junket, being a milk-based food, contains all the goodness of milk . . . a variety of nutrients necessary for a balanced diet in an attractive form.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS





TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

• Momma once said: "I don't know what this world is coming to. I don't know anything about strontium 90, or uranium or hydrogen bombs or, above all, fallout. But it is getting me worried. Every paper you pick up, the fallout is rapidly nearing the danger level. You can't drink this milk because the cows ate too much grass with fallout in it. Some vegetables are being destroyed because they contain too much fallout. You can't grow crops on this land because it has absorbed too much fallout. Sometimes I think if I read or hear one more word about fallout I'll scream. Oh, for the good old days . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Remember the good old days when the only fallout anyone had to worry about was caused by a hairbrush.

DID YOU KNOW?

BEFORE Judy Garland's recent paralytic attack, her svelte figure (7st. 5lb.) was the amazement and envy of Hollywood. But she used no new starvation diet to lose weight. Judy said her serious weight problem was caused by walking around for a couple of years with chronic hepatitis, which loaded pounds on her until doctors diagnosed the illness and prescribed a diet for the condition. Judy's advice to women who have a weight problem without being big eaters is to consult their doctor to make sure the condition is not due to some definite illness, as in her case.

ERIC SYKES and Hattie Jacques opened their new TV series in England with an episode titled "Sykes In A Fog." The fog in the studio was so realistic that all the studio staff had to be issued with smog masks to stop them coughing their hearts out during the show.

Eric himself was battling not only with fog but with a personal worry. After an operation on what was his only good ear, he now wears a small hearing aid, and hopes that it won't distract the viewers.

He's encouraged by the fact that pop singer Johnnie Ray wears one, too, and his fans screamed almost loudly enough to break the gadget.

TV EDUCATION on British lines is spreading into the Far East. After a three-week demonstration of British TV teaching equipment in Hong Kong, the Philippines Republic Broadcasting Company was the first to order a similar set of apparatus.

This includes a TV camera, studio equipment, and film and slide projection facilities which can be operated by one man. The commentator, too, can run film and slides by remote control during the educational programmes.

Television

BRITAIN'S A.B.C. Company is planning a completely new venture in TV drama—a series of programmes by top international authors, each made up of a scene lasting 25 to 30 minutes, that is the nucleus or heart of a play, holding all the characterisation and tension, but without necessarily having a beginning or an end.

Then will follow 20 minutes of discussion with the author.

The idea comes from George Kerr, Drama Chief of A.B.C. and former scriptwriter, who recently came home from five years with Australian TV. He hopes to start the series with a play by Francois Sagan and to include Graham Greene, Sartre, and Tennessee Williams among his authors, with actors of the rank of Albert Finney and Simone Signoret.

"If people call it instant drama," he says, "I'll be delighted."

B.B.C. top scriptwriters Alan Simpson and Ray Galton, authors of "Hancock's Half Hour," "Citizen Jones," and a new series for Sid James, have launched a new series of "Comedy Playhouse"—25-minute comedies, each specially written for a different leading actor.

The series opened with Robert Morley as "Our Man in Moscow."

Last time Galton and Simpson did a series like this it included a play called "The Offer," which was the basis later of the "Steptoe and Son" series, which has had record ratings in England and has been very popular in Australia. The hope is that one of the new "Comedy Playhouse" series may put out just as successfully and start a new line to follow up.



Colours Royale in ULTRASON nylons . . .

colours that glow with the hidden fire of precious jewels, enhancing the exquisite dullness, the soft silky feel and clinging fit of Ultrason nylons by Prestige. Seamfree or fully fashioned, ultra sheer for evenings, sheer for daytime, in TOPAZ, sun-bronzed amber, and CORONET, burnished brown with a hint of red.



Prestige

Makers of hosiery, lingerie and fine fabrics

VSSB



SPACE-AGE WESTERN

*They ride the
trail in helicopters*

Television

"EMPIRE," Channel 9's mammoth modern Western, stars Richard Egan, in summer rig (at right) and (above) with co-star Ryan O'Neal rugged up against the cold. "Empire" has no Indians, but it has helicopters, oil wells, high-powered cars, and, like all Westerns ancient and modern, evil men and good ones. Naturally, Egan is a good man. "Empire" is shown in color on American TV, making most of the drama of the changing seasons.

JOHN THE JOKER

• Australian John Meillon, TV and movie actor, is one of London's most-liked off-stage comedians.

JUST mentioning his name brings a smile to the faces of his friends. "He's one of the most talented practical jokers I know," said one of his colleagues. But, unlike most

practical jokers, John's stunts bring laughs not annoyance, and actor-friends such as Laurence Harvey and Peter Ustinov have fun guessing what trick John will pull on them next.

There was the day he rode

a bicycle through Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo during the filming of "The Cairo Story"; the time he threw three boomerangs at golfing friends just as they were about to hit off; and the summer day he walked down Piccadilly in tropical outfit of shorts, long socks, and an Australian Digger's hat.

John (5ft., light brown hair, blue eyes) is not handsome by box-office standards. It is his undoubted acting ability that has brought his face before TV cameras more than any other actor not in a regular series.

In the past year he has appeared in at least 10 television plays, four major films (including "The Face Of The Enemy" and "Billy Budd"), and played the lead in the controversial West End play "Blood Of The Bambergs"—John Osborne's satire of Princess Margaret and her photographer husband.

Now John is receiving congratulations for his brilliant performance as a song-

and-dance man in Molly Kazan's play "Rosemary," shown recently on ATV.

Maggie Fitzgibbon, another Australian who appeared with John Meillon in "Rosemary," is returning to Melbourne in April to appear in the musical play "Sail Away."

"Maggie's returning to Australia the ideal way—in a show," John said.

"At the moment I have plans of going home later this year to make a film in Australia."

John came to London with his wife, radio and stage actress June Salter, four years ago to finish the shooting of "The Sanddowners." Their son John was born just under two years ago.

John's next big role is in an unnamed-as-yet Walt Disney film.

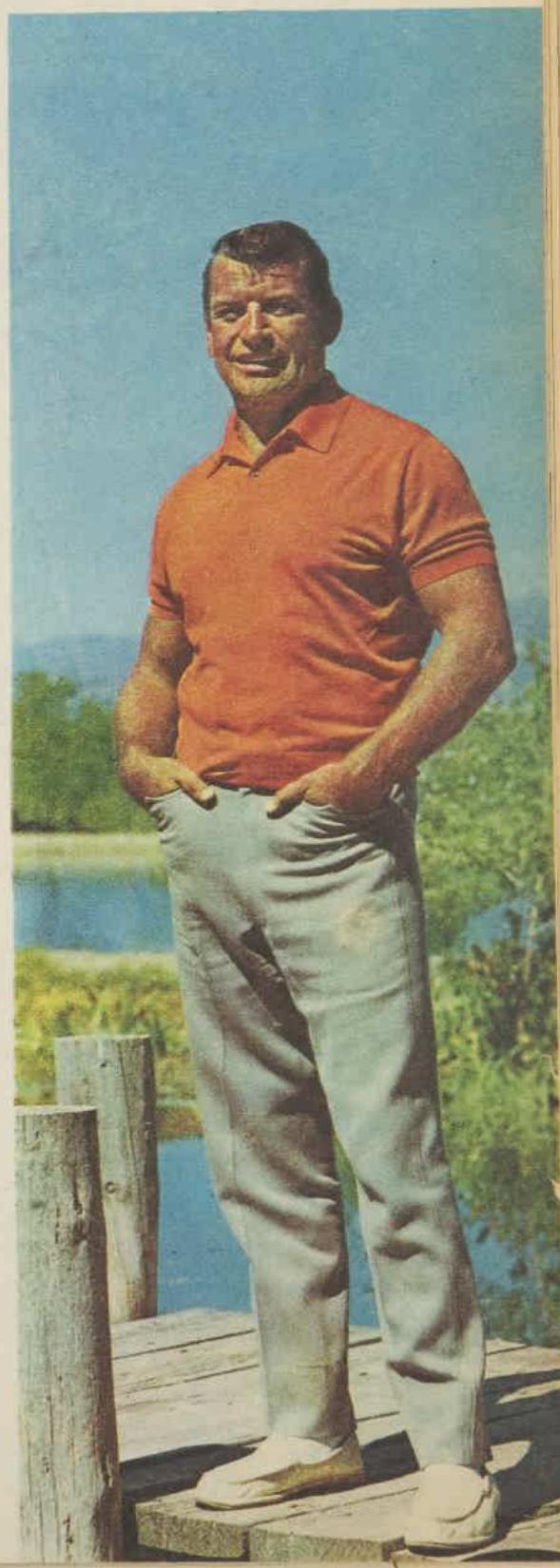
After that he'll return to the theatre for a while to act with Peter Ustinov and Co. in the brand-new Nottingham Theatre.

The 28-year-old John keeps fit by playing lots of golf, tennis, cricket and "Shove Ha'penny."

—Barbara Lawson
Page 21



LONDON, ENGLAND—WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963





FERAGHAN PERSIAN One of 8 brilliant patterns in new

Aristo

IMPERIAL
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New *Aristo* combines the lasting luxury of **WOOL** with the added strength of **BRI-NYLON** to live up to years of living!

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2. FRESHER COLOURS: New dye stuffs enhance and preserve the beauty of each carpet with brilliant, lasting colours. And Aristo is 'SI-RO-MOTH'D' for protection against moths and insects.

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New Aristo Imperial Axminster is available only from the **RED BOOK** Carpet Service, anywhere carpet is sold.

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Autumn's Empire look

• Monopolising attention in autumn fashion is the revival of the Empire line.

This year's Empire has a closer cut, revealing the wearer's body at its best. The look is brought about by clever seaming or a skirt that begins beneath the bosom.

— BETTY KEEP



WHITE and off-white lighten the autumn-winter fashion scene. A delectable color team, shell-white and shell-pink, is seen in the coat-dress ensemble at left. The coat has a luxurios fox fur trim. In direct contrast, the companion dress is bare-shouldered and unadorned. Above: The 1963 Empire line at its most feminine in a superb white wool mink-trimmed coat.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

HERE is part of her letter and my reply.

"I would like a frock design for lightweight wool. I want it to wear for autumn and then to go under a topcoat in colder weather. I want the style beltless but fitted. Could I have a pattern for it in a regular 40in. bust size?"

The dress below is my choice for lightweight wool. The silhouette is form-fitting and slimming, and when the weather gets cold the dress will slip smoothly under a winter coat. The dress is available in pattern form. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Should I wear glittering costume jewellery with a suit? I would also like to know if a

costume ring worn on the middle finger is correct?"

Save glittering jewellery for after 5 p.m. No to the second question,

"In June next I am being married with only our parents and a handful of relatives present. What will I wear? We leave after the reception by train for

Melbourne. I don't want a suit and would like to make use of a creamy beige coat. I have clear white skin and brown eyes."

Wear a simple wool dress in a flattering color. One of the orange shades should suit your clear skin and brown eyes. The dress worn with your creamy coat would make an attractive going-away ensemble. Add beige accessories.

"Would it be correct to wear a velvet here with a rather plain tweed suit?"

Quite correct. In fact, tweed with velvet is news. To prove the point, lots of the new season tweed suits are finished with a velvet collar. By the way, the newest beret shape is the Dior cap-beret, tiny and worn clapped sideways over one ear.

"Would a dark navy suit look correct for autumn? I always connect navy with spring fashion but have a piece of navy wool I would like to use."

A navy suit would look new and chic for autumn. Navy-blue is one of this autumn's most important suit colors.

"Are white skin gloves suitable to wear with autumn clothes?"

Put it this way — if white gloves are the correct accessory choice for the garment they are chosen for, they are suitable for autumn.

"Should a five-year-old flower-girl wear a long or short frock?"

The traditional dress is ankle length.



The most luscious Caramel Sauce of all, made in seconds with

NESTLE'S REDUCED CREAM

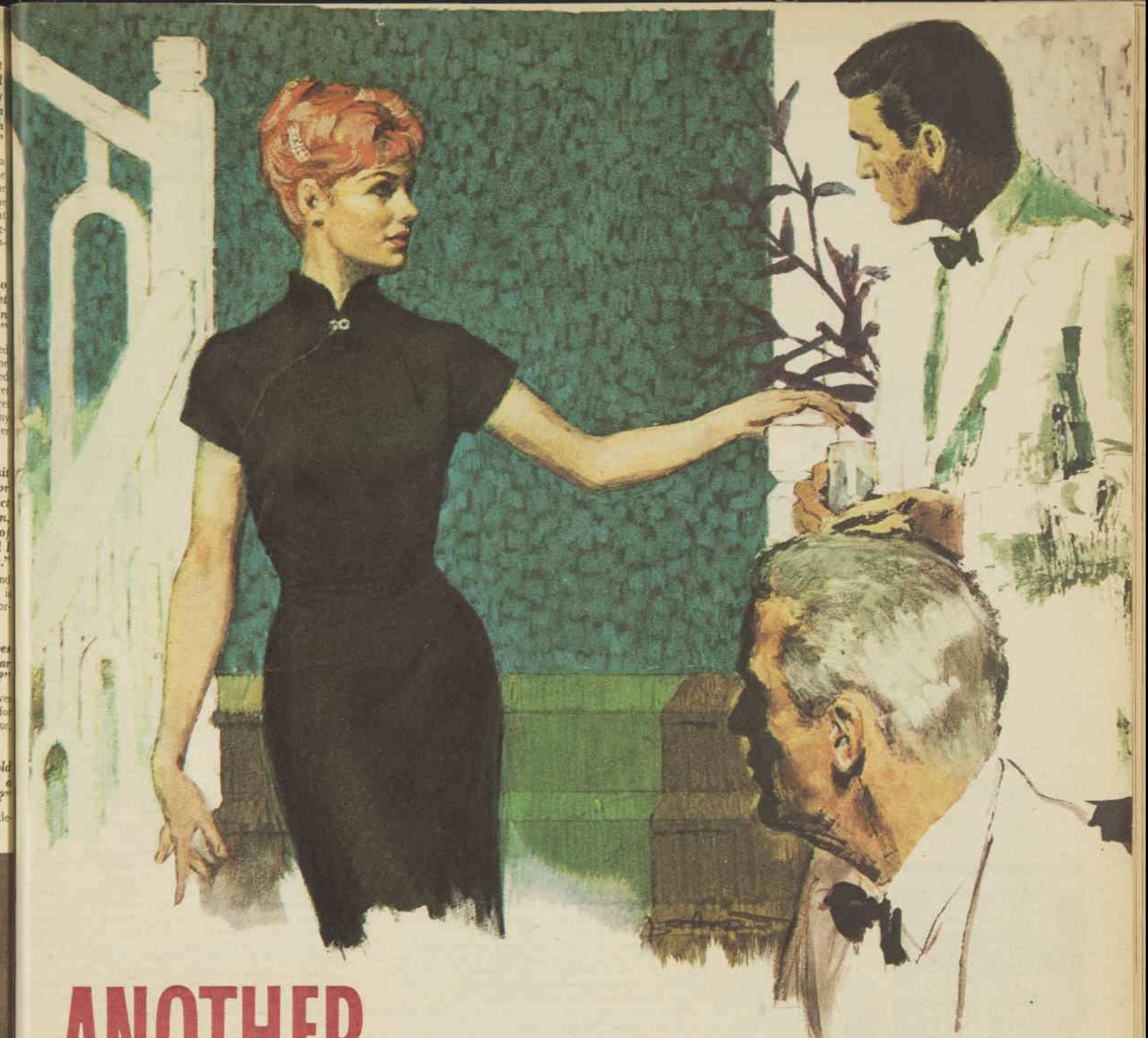
Here's how to make CARAMEL SAUCE. Melt 1 level tablespoon of butter and 1 cup of brown sugar in a saucepan on low heat. Add 4 oz. tin of Nestle's REDUCED CREAM, and stir well until the cream is dissolved. That's all you do!

3 EASY WAYS...
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Recipe leaflets everywhere — Country-style Nestle's Reduced Cream — Ready Whenever You Want It.

DS513. — One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Requires 2½yd. 54in. material. Price 4/- Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088 G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1961



ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

By STUART CLOETE

It was a bitter realisation for an honorable man to know he was in love with the wife of his best friend . . . a sophisticated short story

THERE is no more horrible sound than a woman's scream. It rang through the dark gloom of the rubber trees, cutting the silence like a knife, stabbing it like a kris.

Fernley, who had been riding quietly between the ows of trees, lost in a dream, drove his heels into his horse's flanks and galloped toward the sound. In a clearing bright with sunlight, where the plantation was going to be extended between the last rubber trees and the heavy jungle, he saw two horses tied and a woman struggling in a man's arms.

He was off his horse and near them before he recognised Trasker and Mrs. Cummings. Moira Cummings. As he ran toward them, part of his mind was occupied with his horse. He won't run away, he thought, with two horses tied nearby. Moira, his best friend's young wife. He had been thinking about her as he rode. He thought too much about her.

He caught Trasker by the shoulder and spun him around. "You!" he shouted. "You . . ." Then he hit him, hard — with his open hand — across the face. Trasker drove his left into Fernley's stomach, but did not get home. Fernley's right fist met Trasker's chin with an uppercut that made his teeth click and brought him to his knees.

Fernley slapped him again, knocking him sideways to the ground. "Now get up," he said, "and get out." He followed him to the horses, caught his own, and tied him to a branch beside Moira's chestnut mare. As Trasker mounted, Fernley said, "And keep away from Moira, Trasker. Next time I'll really work you over."

Turning in his saddle, Trasker shouted, "I'm to leave her for you, I suppose? You fool!" he said. "An old man's wife. Your best friend's wife. As if everybody didn't know you went up there every day."

When he'd gone, Fernley turned to Moira. "What happened?"

"I was riding," she said. "I met him and we rode together for a bit. Then we stopped to rest the horses after a gallop. As we dismounted he took hold of me . . ." She did not say any more. There was no need to say more. Her tumbled hair, tear-stained face, and torn blouse were enough.

An overwhelming desire to take her in his arms swept over Fernley. His friend's wife. More than a friend. Cummings had been like a father to him. He had taught him all he knew about estate work and helped him to get a place of his own.

She moved closer to him and put her hand on his arm. "Thank you," she said, looking at him with wide grey eyes. Her lips were trembling.

She's going to cry again, he thought. Her perfume was in his nostrils, mixed with the warm rich odor of the jungle. A big butterfly swept past them.

Nothing was real any more. Not Cummings, not the estate, not the rubber trees with their beggar cups hanging to the trunks. This was an atavistic dream of a man and woman alone in a Garden of Eden, perfumed, flecked with butterflies. A red petal fell from the African tulip tree under which they stood and lay like a drop of blood at their feet.

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SOOTHE HOT FEET! BEAT PRICKLY HEAT!



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While there's life...

Youth is so vulnerable,
it needs understanding
and love . . . a tender
short short story

By GRACE
ROXBURGH

HOLLYWOOD is a bright city, but there are still some old houses whose dingy, rundown interiors are so-called homes for business girls. In one of the gloomiest of these the telephone rang in the hallway and a girl yelled upstairs for Miss O'Donnell to come down.

From habit Maureen jumped and ran to the landing. Then she slowed down. It would never be Alec again—he had married the girl who took him away—so what did she care now who it was?

"Maureen," came her aunt's clear managing voice, "I hear you are quoted as saying you have lost interest in life and you are taking your vacation time and sitting in your room there brooding like an idiot."

"I can explain—"

"Save your silly breath. I can guess. Some man of whom there are fifty million more as good or better has got bored with you before you got bored with him. Did you say it or didn't you?"

"Yes, I did say it, and what's more—"

"What's more you mean it. Good. Now I have a use for your vacation if you haven't. I am delayed in San Francisco and Dabney needs help. Get a San Bernardino bus and phone the kennels from Lemon Grove. He will come down and pick you up."

Maureen went cold with panic. "But Aunt Martha—"

The phone clicked. Maureen held it hopelessly. All she wanted to do was brood in her room, smoke cigarettes, and now and then drink some black coffee. The operator could not renew the call and now came the shuffle of the landlady's feet in her slippers. Rent due already. Maureen decided she could brood just as well at Lemon Grove as in Los Angeles.

The oldest man in the world came to pick her up at the store and post office in what was surely the world's oldest station wagon. He looked as light and brittle as an old grey leaf and his voice was like the wind rustling a heap of them. "I'm Dabney." A knotted finger touched a mildewed hat. "Guess you're Miss Maureen?"

They rattled over unmade lanes between tall studded groves of eucalyptus and pepper trees. A sign near the blue hills said: "Never-Never Land Kennels," and Dabney turned into the lane. He drove into a weird and wild estate of row upon row of tall empty chicken houses.

"Looks like space for a million dogs," said Maureen. "And more than somewhat eerie."

"These houses came with the place," he said. "Ain't that many dogs in California. We only got twenty now and nine of 'em spoken for. A man built up who thought to get rich on chickens. He went broke. Well, here we are—"

The house was two-storeyed, grey and weathered. An outside staircase led to a balcony and Maureen's room.

Bees droned with a mid-summery sound and pups yelped faintly somewhere. Suddenly a mature dog gave forth with a bay like a deep bronze bell. Maureen shivered. For a moment a certain handsome sullen face left her thoughts and she went downstairs.

Dabney was in the cluttered old kitchen frying a thick steak with potatoes and making coffee. The smells gave Maureen a queer faint feeling. She sat down weakly. Dabney put a cloth over the white scrubbed surface, cut the steak in half, doled out potatoes, and set a well-filled plate before her.

"I can't eat it," she said desperately.

His old face sagged mournfully. "I'm no cook, I know. Just a good-natured poisoner."

Maureen had pity for people who were kind. She swallowed a reluctant bite. The steak was juicy and delicious. Suddenly she was ravenous and finished the plateful. When she had finished she felt new life was in her, but the haunting face was back.

"Let's go look at the dogs," she said. Anything, anything to help stop her thinking. The dogs were new to her. The one with the bell-like voice was a female, honey color and white with dark-rimmed eyes of clear brandy-colored amber.

"Here's a friend," said Dabney to the dog. "Stand still, Miss Maureen, and let Dinah give you the once-over."

Dinah sniffed Maureen's feet and ankles, then her outstretched hand. She submitted to a caress. "She likes you, Miss Maureen, and she is the choosy one."

Maureen laughed. "Well, that's something—"



But she thought with irony—"So I'm not a total los—
a dog likes me—a choosy one—"

She wished she had a cigarette, her nerves were screaming. Dabney opened a big pen and told her to enter. Pups romped at her feet. Four of them, each with individual markings, intelligent, irresistibly appealing faces. Maureen's frozen heart melted a little with an unexpected feeling of love.

"I never saw such dogs." She knelt on the clean concrete to play with them.

"Thoroughbreds," Dabney said with pride. "Courage, beauty, character, intelligence."

She watched him measure the food and mix it and then feed the family. Night was violet-blue when they went indoors. She searched the weird old-fashioned living-room still holding the wax flowers and walnut of the former owner. "Where's the radio, Mr. Dabney?"

"No radio. Here's a gramophone and a flock of records."

Maureen tried one. They were unbearably gay and lively Mexican dance tunes. Dabney did a few steps round the kitchen, then sat down out of breath. He looked at her with a twinkle in his faded eyes. "Must feel good to be young with all of yer life still ahead of ye."

Maureen made a choked sound and went out. Now the stars were ablaze in myriads and the perfume from the orchards was overpowering. A night for brooding. A night to listen to the radio—or somebody singing—"I'm So in Love With You."

Somewhere a dog cried—a strange pitiful cry of fear and pain. Dabney was out in an instant. "Come along," he said, "You gotta watch—you gotta learn—your aunt said—"

It was difficult and slow and she was really useful. She handed things and fetched things and Dabney kept her busy.

"Thoroughbreds," he said, "except for exceptions, are the best bets for dependability. But they're high strung and sensitive. Like humans, they take life more difficult—"

When six squirming fragments of new life were there he said the litter was complete. He sent Maureen to whip up a raw egg with milk and a dash of brandy and feed the exhausted mother with a dropper.

"Don't let her die," Maureen begged passionately. "She tried so hard—"

"This 'un won't die. Likes life too much—I think—hope—"

After a while he wiped the sweat off his forehead and stood up. "Okay, we can go in now."

Maureen relaxed all over and a fainter image of a man came back. "Oh good! She was too sweet and beautiful to die—"

"That's what your aunt said about you, Miss Maureen. She heard you'd stopped eating and was getting thin. We can't afford it, she told me long distance, but feed her a steak a day and hide the darn radio. Holy cats, what are I saying?"

Maureen's tension broke. The tears streamed down her face. "I won't tell you told me. Go on, I'll come in in minute."

She stayed out looking up at the stars shining. I can still see them, and if tough old-Aunt Martha thinks—well, surely somebody else—someday—

A cool moist nose touched her ankle. It was Dinah.

(Copyright)

WORD PERFECT

She had so carefully planned this conversation, but now that the call had come could she be resolute?

BY ELISABETH BERESFORD

ANABELLE said: "This time I mean it. We're finished, David, utterly, absolutely finished."

She was pleased with the tone of her voice, it was light, a little amused, but firm all the same. She sounded like a woman who knew her own mind and who was capable of looking facts in the face. Anabelle propped her elbows on the mantelpiece and studied her reflection in the glass, studiously ignoring the silent telephone on the table.

The soft, shaded light in the empty room was kind to her, she didn't look twenty-five. She seemed younger, happier than she had done for months. That was because she had finally decided to cut David out of her life.

It was strange really that for all this time she had been deliberately ignoring the advice of her friends. They had all tried to tell her that David was not the man for her, but she wouldn't listen.

"I love him," she had said, as though that explained everything, and they had looked away, not wanting to hurt her any more by pursuing the subject. Of course, she'd heard the stories about him, that he was a practised philanderer, that no girl was safe from his

charms. She had just believed in those far-off early days that with her it was different.

The blue eyes in the mirror grew narrower, harder. How incredibly young she had been then. Had she actually thought that?

Anabelle's hand moved across the mantelpiece, feeling for the cigarette box. Her fingers touched the small, beating clock. Half-past six it said and David had promised, promised faithfully, that he'd ring her at six.

Well, this time David had promised once too often. Her hands were perfectly steady as she lighted the cigarette and then she blew the flame out slowly.

Really there was nothing to get worked up about. If you looked at the situation dispassionately David was only another man. An attractive one certainly, but then so were thousands of others. In fact, now she came to think it over, what a fool she had been to wait so long to tell him what she really thought of him.

Anabelle sat down, spreading her skirt carefully, taking pleasure in the fact that it looked pretty against the soft velvet of the sofa. She wasn't going out this

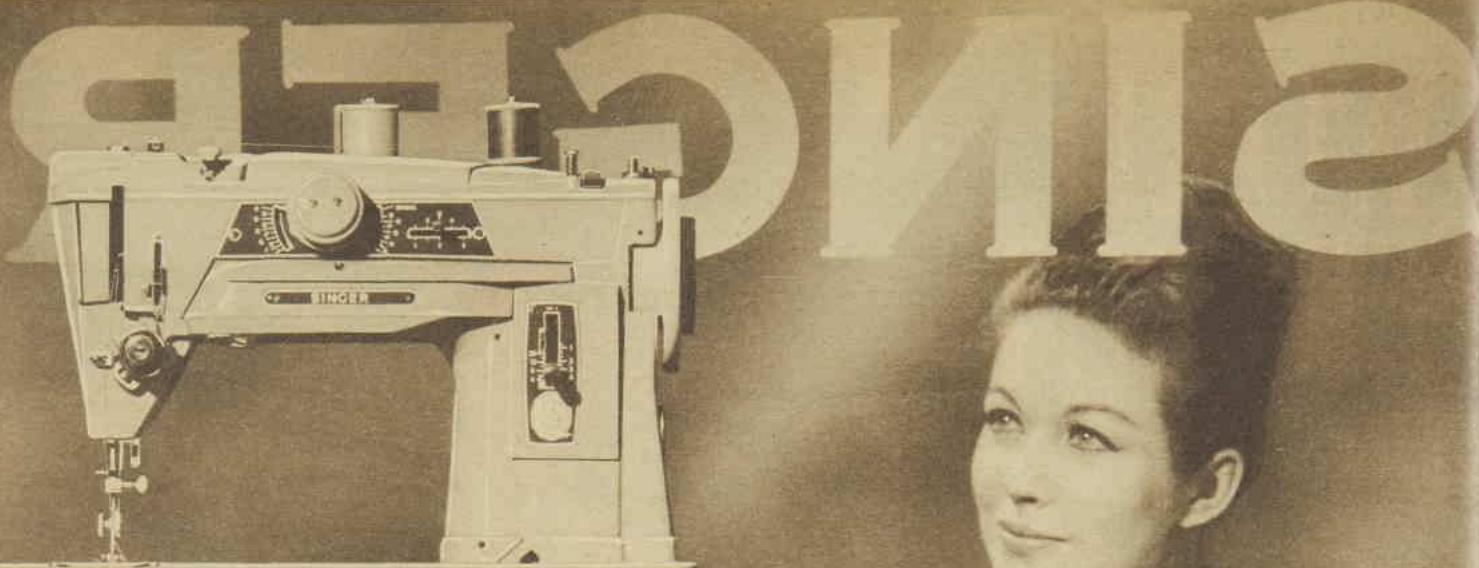
evening and she wasn't expecting anyone to call, but that was no excuse for letting yourself slop around in an old housecoat. David had once said that was one of the traits he most admired in her. "You always look fresh and sweet," he had said.

The smoke curling up from her cigarette developed a ripple.

"What a corny line," Anabelle said. She laughed and then stopped abruptly, staring at the telephone. How many evenings had she sat like this, just waiting for it to ring? Willing it to ring and getting more and more sick with disappointment as the busily sounding minutes ticked by. And then, suddenly, the silence would be shattered and her heart would leap as she rushed forward to answer it. Her hand would literally shake as she picked up the receiver to hear his voice.

Really, Anabelle thought, swinging her legs on to the sofa, women are absurd creatures. Fancy allowing ourselves to go through all that torture. Now she could look back on those evenings with a detached interest. She just wasn't involved any more.

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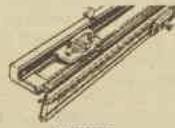
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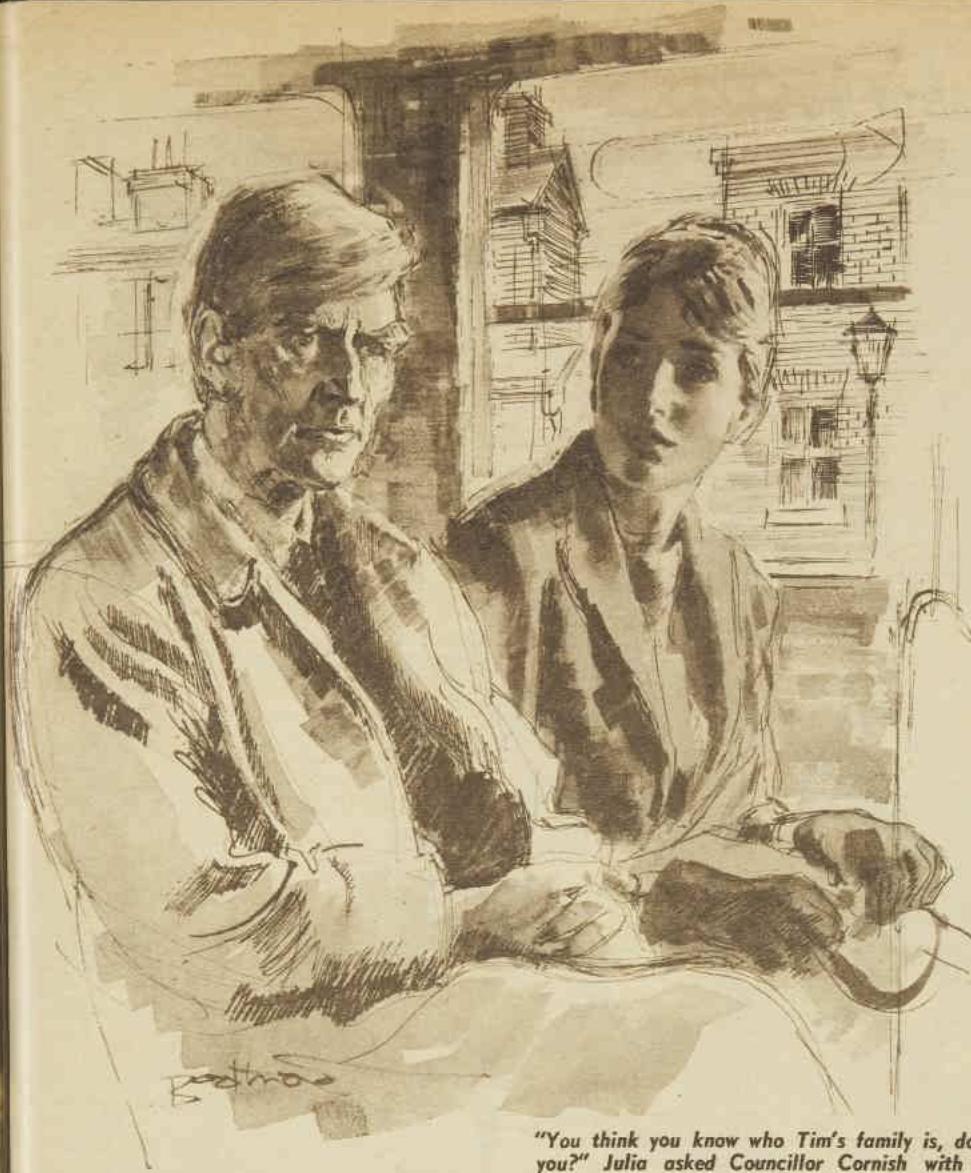
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"You think you know who Tim's family is, don't you?" Julia asked Councillor Cornish with an accusing tone.

to holds the key to the
it? Third part of our
compelling serial.

By MARGERY
ALLINGHAM

IN a district once known as the wickedest part of London, The Turk Street Mile, new flats have been completed and COUNCILLOR CORNISH has taken pride in selecting the occupants. OLD LEN LUCEY, his wife, and a boarder, REG SLOAN, return one night to find their flat broken into and their possessions violently destroyed. SUPERINTENDENT LUKE is investigating.

Meanwhile in Suffolk, TIMOTHY KINNIT, nephew to EUSTACE KINNIT and his sister, ALISON, sends JULIA LAURELL to his old Nanny, MRS. BROOME, while he goes to London to inquire why Julia's father, SIR ANTHONY, is against their engagement. He discovers he was adopted after being left at Suffolk by a war evanuee from Turk Street. BASIL TOBERMAN is overheard by Julia telling ALBERT CAMPION, an amateur crime investigator, this story, and also how the Kinnits have always hidden scandal since 1849, when a family governess was tried for murder.

Julia, seeking help from Mr. Campion, is introduced by him to Luke. At the mention of Turk Street he remarks Sloan was actually REG STALKEY, one of a family who run a second-rate detective agency, where Mr. Campion finds Tim and takes him home. Julia then arrives and mentions Basil is saying Tim is responsible for the death of MISS SAXON, a governess employed by GERALDINE TELPHER, the Kinnits' niece, who is staying with them while her child is in hospital.

Tim then calls on Cornish, saying he wants to know about Turk Street. Cornish orders him to leave. His wife remarks on his resemblance to Tim. NOW READ ON:

THE CHINA GOVERNESS

A HELMETED figure materialised beside Timothy in the half darkness took him by surprise and he blinked as the police constable asked, "Seen it before, sir?" Tim had been standing perfectly still, gazing across the broad street at the silhouette of the house which had been his home in London ever since he could remember, and it was as new to him as a foreign land.

He had just walked back from Ebbfield. His interview with the Councillor had had a considerable effect upon him, for he was behaving as if a skin had peeled from his eyes. Timothy crossed the road and let himself into the Well House.

There was a small wooden draughtbreak just inside the door with a curtained entrance to the main hall, and he heard Basil Toberman's voice as he stepped through it into the warm, black-panelled room with the moulded plaster ceiling and the square staircase rising up through it. The first thing he saw was a funeral wreath, and the scent of lilies hung in the warm air, suffocating and exotic, and remarkably foreign to the familiar house.

The tribute was very big, nearly four feet across, a great cushion of white hot-house flowers, draped with gold, and made all the more extravagant by the shining plastic wrappings which made it look as if it was under glass. It lay on the oak table which flanked the staircase, and at the moment Toberman was bending over it, fiddling with the card half hidden among the blossom. Mrs. Broome was hovering beside him in a flurry of protest.

"Oh don't," she was objecting. "Mr. Basil, don't. It isn't as though it's yours. Don't be so inquisitive, don't!"

"I'm only looking. The order must have come from South Africa through one of the flower services, I suppose. That's the flaw in these things. There's no way of telling what you're getting for your money!"

"What are you talking about?" she demanded. "It's beautiful. It must have cost I don't know what!"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1970



HOME-BAKED LOAVES AND BUNS

• Of all the delectable flavors and wonderful fragrances to come from the kitchen, nothing can equal that of freshly baked loaves and spicy, fruit-filled buns.

In this seven-page feature is a wide variety of recipes for loaves and buns you can make easily at home. Some are made with yeast, some without.

"Little breads," buns

THESE "little breads," rolls and spicy buns—hot from the oven, aromatic with spices or rich with fruit or nuts—are fun to make and very good eat.

CHEESE BRAIDS

Three cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cheddar cheese, melted butter or substitute, celery seeds.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute until mixture like crumbs, rub in shredded cheese. Add milk to form stiff dough. Roll out on lightly floured surface into rectangle about 15in. x 6in. Cut in 3in. strips, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. To shape, fold 3 strips together, pinch ends. Place on lightly greased baking-sheet, brush with melted butter or substitute, sprinkle with celery seeds. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.



CHEESE BRAIDS, Chelsea Buns, and Little Butterhorns look attractive and are delicious. The recipes are on this page.

GOLDEN LEAF BUNS

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 3 dessertspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup milk.

Topping: Two tablespoons butter or substitute (melted), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Sift dry ingredients, cut in butter or substitute until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add milk, stir just until dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured surface, knead gently $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Roll in 16in. x 12in. rectangle, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick; brush with melted butter or substitute, sprinkle with combined sugar and cinnamon. Cut in 8 12in. x 2in. strips. Make 2 stacks of 4 strips each. Cut each stack in 6 2in. squares. Place in a square, cut side down, in deep patty-tin, pressing layers together slightly. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

GOLDEN LEAF BUNS, Honey Crunchy Rolls, and Coconut Crescents.



CHELSEA BUNS

Two and a half cups flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk (or fresh milk soured with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vinegar), 2 large eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, 2oz. sultanas or chopped raisins, extra sugar.

Sift flour, rub in half butter, then add half sugar. Cream yeast with castor sugar, pour sour milk on to beaten eggs, add to yeast. Add yeast-egg mixture to the flour, mixing thoroughly. Leave in warm place until doubled in bulk (about 14 hours). Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly, roll out to a square. Spread with remainder of butter and sugar mixed with spice and sultanas or chopped raisins. Roll up like swiss roll, cut in slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, pack closely together (cut side down) on warm, greased oven-tray. Leave in warm place to rise 15 to 20 minutes. Sprinkle with extra sugar, bake in hot oven approximately 20 minutes.

APRICOT-RAISIN ROLLS

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup milk.

Filling: Half cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoon flour, 2-3rds cup raisins, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each salt and nutmeg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup cooked dried apricots (well drained), sugar.

Sift dry ingredients together, cut in butter or substitute, add milk; mix to soft dough. Roll on to lightly floured board, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Spread with filling, roll as for swiss roll, cut in 1in. slices. Place, cut side down, close together in well-greased 8in. x 2in. round cake-tin. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven approximately 35 minutes.

For filling, combine all ingredients except lemon rind and juice and apricots. Cook, stirring, until thick. Cool, add lemon rind, juice, and apricots.

LITTLE BUTTERHORNS

Six ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 3 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg, extra egg for glazing, sugar.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and sugar, cut in butter or substitute; add milk and lightly beaten egg, knead to soft dough. Place on lightly floured board, knead into smooth square. Refrigerate at least 30 minutes. Cut into 2 rectangular pieces. Roll each piece about 20in. x 6in. Cut each piece into 15 triangles, roll these with fingers from base to top. Place on lightly greased baking-sheets, brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven until crisp and lightly golden.

Recipes throughout this feature use—

- The 1oz. packet of compressed yeast. If not obtainable, substitute equivalent quantity of dehydrated yeast as given on packet or jar. See panel overleaf for information about yeast.
- Plain flour, unless otherwise stated.
- Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure.

CINNAMON COFFEE SQUARES

Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg-white, 1 dessertspoon water, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon, 1 tablespoon melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut halves.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar, add egg, beat thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Spread half mixture in greased 6in. x 10in. cake-tin. Brush with beaten egg-white mixed with water. Combine remaining ingredients except nuts, sprinkle half over batter. Cover with remaining batter, then remaining topping. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Top each square with walnut half.

COCONUT CRESCENTS

One cup milk, 1 cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. yeast, 1 tablespoon lukewarm water, 4 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups coconut, extra sugar, butter.

Scald milk, combine with butter or substitute, sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast softened in lukewarm water. Add egg-yolks, mix thoroughly. Add flour, beat until smooth. Cover bowl and let rise until double (about 2 hours); knead. Divide dough in thirds; roll $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut in triangles, brush with melted butter. Begin at wide edge of triangle and roll into crescents. Sprinkle with extra sugar and coconut. Arrange on greased baking-sheet. Cover, let rise until double. Bake in hot oven 12 minutes.

HONEY-SWEET CRUNCHY ROLLS

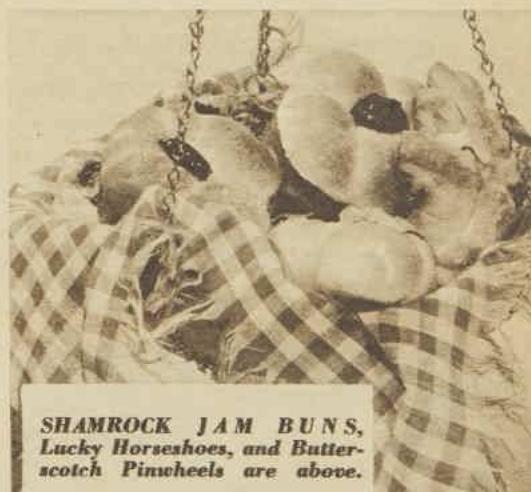
Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup milk, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute (melted), 3 cups cornflakes, 2-3rds cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Cut in butter until mixture is even. Add milk, stirring just enough to make soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured surface, knead $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, brush with melted butter or substitute. Combine slightly crushed cornflakes, raisins, and honey, spread over dough; roll as for swiss roll, cut into 1in. slices. Place slices on greased baking-sheet, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

SHAMROCK JAM BUNS

One ounce yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot scalded milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mashed potatoes, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strawberry or raspberry jam.

Soften yeast in water. Combine milk, butter, sugar, and salt, stir until butter is melted; cool to lukewarm. Stir in potatoes, eggs, flour, and yeast, mixing well after each addition. Cover, chill 1 to 2 hours. Roll into small balls, place in greased muffin-tins, 4 balls to a cup. Let rise. Brush with butter, bake in moderately hot oven 8 minutes. Remove from oven, top centre of each roll with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon jam. Bake about 5 minutes longer until golden brown.



SHAMROCK JAM BUNS, Lucky Horseshoes, and Butter-scotch Pinwheels are above.

BUTTERSCOTCH PINWHEELS

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute (melted), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt, cut in the 2 tablespoons butter, add milk and mix lightly. Turn out on lightly floured board, knead gently $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Roll into oblong about 12in. long and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Spread dough with melted butter or substitute mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar. Roll like swiss roll, pinch edge to roll, cut into 1in. slices. Cream together the 1-3rd cup butter or substitute and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar. Spread thickly in deep patty-tins, place walnut half in bottom of each tin before adding pinwheels. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

LUCKY HORSESHOES

One and half cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup milk, 6oz. mixed fruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, extra sugar.

Sift flour, salt, baking-powder, and sugar, cut in butter or substitute. Add milk, mix to blend; stir in fruits and nuts. Roll out dough $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. strips, roll strips in sugar; shape into horseshoes. Bake in hot oven 12 minutes.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

THE WONDER INGREDIENT

• Yeast is a remarkable ingredient that seems to act like magic. It grows and multiplies in moist and warm surroundings, using sugar and the starch in flour as food.

As it grows, it forms tiny bubbles that expand with warmth and thus produces a light, fluffy loaf. It is available as fresh compressed yeast from larger stores or in dehydrated powder or pellets from grocers and chemists.

For best results it is necessary to buy freshly made compressed yeast and to refrigerate it no longer than three or four days before using.

Yeast in dehydrated powder and in pellet form will last many months if kept in a tightly lidded container.

Other ingredients generally used with yeast are—

Liquids: Water, milk, or both combined are most commonly used in making yeast breads. Fresh milk is scalded and cooled to lukewarm before yeast is added; scalding stops the action which might otherwise cause some softening of the dough; it also improves flavor and texture. Lukewarm liquids help the yeast growth; too-hot liquids destroy it. Fruit or vegetable juice can be used to make novelty breads.

Salt: Gives flavor to bread and helps control fermentation. Too much salt slows up the rising.

Sugar: Quick food for yeast, from which it manufactures gas. Also adds flavor and helps to give golden color to the crust. If dough does not contain

enough sugar, loaf bakes without browning. Loaves that contain a lot of sugar should bake at moderate temperatures or they may brown too much.

Butter or substitute: These shortenings add flavor, increase tenderness, improve keeping quality.

Other Ingredients: Most fancy loaves contain whole eggs or egg-yolks. When added to yeast dough, eggs give delicate texture, somewhat flaky crust, and flavor and deep creamy color to the crumb. Dried or fresh, drained fruits, nuts, herbs, cheese, onion, bacon, etc., all give extra flavor and nourishment to loaves and buns.

COOKERY TERMS

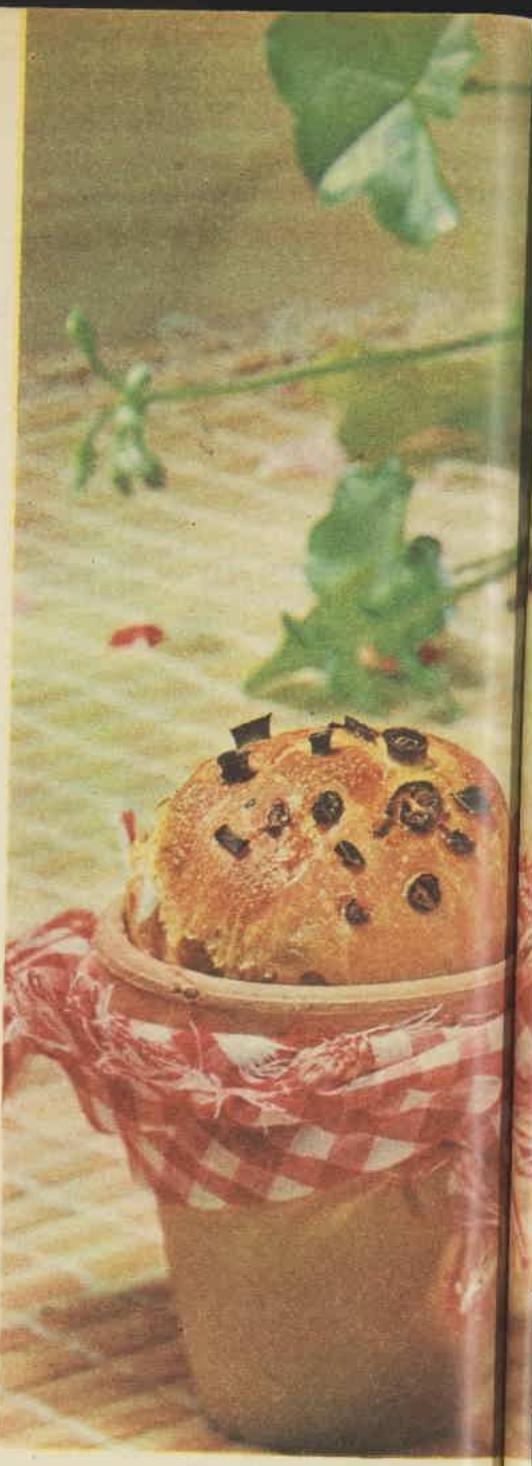
Creaming the Yeast: It is mixed with sugar in basin until liquid, then lukewarm liquid is added.

Setting the Sponge: A well is made in centre of flour in basin. Yeast mixture is poured into it, then a little flour is sprinkled over surface of liquid. Basin is stood in warm place until yeast begins to work and breaks through sprinkled flour.

Kneading: Develops elasticity in dough and scatters gas pockets that have formed round yeast.

Proving: After kneading, dough is put into warm, greased bowl, then covered with warm cloth and stood in warm but not hot place until doubled in size. Ideal places are plate-rack, oven-top, or the hotplate over warm oven.

Rising: After dough has been re-kneaded and shaped into loaves, rolls, or buns, it will shrink a little. Place on baking-sheet or in baking-tin. Leave to rise again before putting in oven.



Recipes featuring yeast

ALL made with yeast, these loaves are tender and good-tasting, with a golden, crusty outside — so tempting when served generously spread with butter.

HONEY-ALMOND COFFEE LOAF

Half cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2oz. yeast, 2 eggs, 4 cups flour.

Glaze: Quarter cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup slivered blanched almonds.

Scald milk, add sugar, salt, and butter or substitute; cool to lukewarm. Add 1 dessertspoon sugar to lukewarm water, sprinkle yeast on top. Let stand 10 minutes, then stir well. Stir lukewarm milk mixture into yeast, add beaten eggs, 2 cups of the sifted flour; beat until smooth. Add remainder of flour (enough to make soft kneadable dough). Knead on lightly floured board until smooth and elastic. Place in warm greased bowl; brush top with melted butter. Cover, let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour).

Punch down dough. Halve, shape each half into smooth ball. Place each in greased 8in. layer cake-tin. Brush lightly with melted butter. Cover, let rise in warm place again until doubled (about 1 hour).

Combine all ingredients for glaze in saucepan, bring to boil. Brush tops of coffee loaves with half this syrup, sprinkle with chopped mixed fruit. Arrange second layer.

Bake coffee loaves in moderate oven 35 minutes. Brush tops with remaining glaze. Serve warm or cold.

LITTLE SUGARPLUMS

Use sweet dough recipe as for Honey-Almond Coffee Loaf adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glace cherries and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins to dough. Form dough into balls that will fill deep party-tins about $\frac{1}{2}$ full. Let rise until almost doubled (they will billow slightly over top of tins). Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cool iced with frosting.

Shaggy Coconut Frosting: Two cups icing-sugar, milk or cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, chopped shredded coconut, glace cherries.

Sift icing-sugar, add enough milk or cream to make spreading consistency; add vanilla. Dip tops of sugarplums in icing, then in shredded coconut; top with glace cherry-half

TOMATO-CHEESE BREAD—BAKE IT IN A FLOWER-POT!

Earthenware flower-pots—the type used for plants—are ideal for baking some varieties of bread; medium or small-size pots are best. Use new pots, scrub them well, line them with aluminium foil; fill just over half full with dough before leaving for the final rising. Serve individual little loaves of this unusual Tomato-Cheese Bread. It is delicious with soups, salads or any savory dish.

One tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar, 2 cups tomato juice, 1oz. yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water, 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese, 9 cups flour, melted butter.

Scald tomato juice, add butter, salt and sugar; cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in lukewarm water; add to cooled tomato-juice mixture. Sift in half flour, beat until smooth, add remaining sifted flour, mix well; add shredded cheese, mix in. Knead on floured board about 5 minutes. Let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (about 2 hours). Shape into balls to about half fill flower-pots; place in pots (which have been lined with foil and lightly greased), brush tops with melted butter. Let rise until doubled in bulk, bake in hot oven. Allow, for large loaves, 15 minutes in hot oven, then reduce temperature to moderate; bake approximately 30 minutes longer. For small loaves, bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce to moderate, and bake approximately 15 minutes longer. Baking times will depend on size of pots. If making small, individual loaves, vary flavors by adding to each loaf any of the following:

Bacon: One tablespoon finely chopped bacon.

Savory: One tablespoon finely chopped chives or shallots and little chopped parsley.

Nut: One tablespoon finely chopped salted nuts.

Onion: One dessertspoon finely chopped or minced onion and 1 teaspoon of chopped green shallot-tops.

LEMON BUBBLE BREAD, crisply crusted, slices so well and it is ideal for sandwiches. Lemon butter is the traditional topping for this bread. Serve it for morning or afternoon tea as a welcome week-end treat.

CIRCLE-OF-FRIENDS

One pound flour, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 1oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, plus 1 tablespoon milk.

Glaze: Six ounces sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. fat-free almonds, 4oz. butter.

Fruit: Two ounces crystallised pineapple, 2oz. raisins, 2oz. dried apricots, 2oz. candied peel.

Sift flour and salt together in warm basin. Beat sugar and yeast to a cream. Melt butter in saucepan, add milk heat to lukewarm. Beat egg, pour into milk and butter, then mix with yeast and sugar. Make well in centre of flour, pour in liquid, mix well together. Knead well, place in large greased bowl in warm place 1 hour or until doubled in bulk. Turn on to floured board, knead well; cut into small walnut-sized pieces. Meanwhile, melt butter for glaze mixture and mix together the sugar, cinnamon, and almonds. Dip each piece of dough in the butter, then roll in the sugar-cinnamon mixture. Arrange in bottom of greased ring-dish, sprinkle with chopped mixed fruit. Arrange second layer. Cover, stand 40 minutes in warm place. Bake in moderate hot oven 35 to 40 minutes.

BAGEL

One cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1oz. yeast, 1 egg, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cold water.

Scald milk, add butter or substitute, sugar, salt; when lukewarm, add yeast, well-beaten egg-white (reserve yolk for glazing), sifted flour. Knead well, place in greased bowl, let rise 1 hour. Roll out in small pieces about width of finger and twice length, tapering at ends. Shape into rings, pinching ends together well. Let stand on floured board until they begin to rise (about 10 minutes). Drop one at a time into pan of very hot water just under boiling point. Cook on one side, turn carefully, cook other side. (They should be light, keep their shape, and not break apart.) Place on greased baking-sheet. Beat the egg-yolk with 1 teaspoon cold water and glaze Bagel. If desired, sprinkle with poppy-seeds. Bake in hot oven until brown and crisp.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1958



BABY SNOWMEN

Make sweet dough as described for Honey-Almond Coffee Loaf. When dough has risen the first time, punch down. Turn out on lightly floured board. Cut dough into 12 equal parts; each part will make one snowman.

BODY: Use half of each piece of dough to shape into a 4in.-long oval.

HEAD: Use little more than half remaining dough to shape into round ball; put tiny piece of dough in place for nose.

ARMS: Use remaining dough for arms by making long pencil-like roll and cutting it in half.

Place snowmen 3in. apart on greased baking-sheet. Let rise in warm place until doubled (about 1 hour). Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes; let cool. Dip front of each snowman into icing, press currants in for eyes and down centre of body for buttons; press piece of glace cherry in for mouth. If desired, chopped, shredded coconut can be pressed on top for hair.

Snowman Icing: Three cups icing-sugar, few drops of lemon essence, milk.

Sift icing-sugar, add just enough milk to make smooth icing, stir in lemon essence.

FRENCH SPICY NUT ROLL

One quantity of sweet dough, as for Honey-Almond Coffee Loaf, 3 egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Icing: Two cups icing-sugar, 1½ teaspoons instant coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla, milk, chopped nuts.

Divide dough into 2 parts. Roll each into rectangle to ½in. thickness. Spread stiffly beaten egg-whites over dough, sprinkle with mixture of cinnamon, sugar, and chopped nuts. Roll as for swiss-roll. Place in greased tin in warm place; let rise until doubled. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Spread thin layer of coffee icing over cooled loaves, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

For icing, sift icing-sugar and coffee, add enough milk to make thin icing, stir in vanilla.

CINNAMON-TOP LOAF

One and a half ounces yeast, ½ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon sugar (extra), 1 cup milk, 4½ cups flour, ½ cup melted butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs.

Scald milk, cool to lukewarm; add yeast and 1 dessertspoon sugar to lukewarm milk, stir until dissolved. Add 1½ cups of flour, beat until smooth. Cover, let rise in warm place until light (about ½ hour). Cream butter or substitute, add ½ cup sugar and the salt; add to yeast mixture. Add well-beaten eggs, sift in remaining flour; knead lightly. Place in well-greased bowl, cover, let rise (about 2 hours). Roll ½in. thick, place in 2 well-greased lamington-tins. Let rise again until light (about 1½ hours). Prick tops with fork, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with cinnamon topping. Let rise again (about ½ hour). Bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Cinnamon Topping: Cream 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, add ½ cup sugar, mixing well. Blend in 3 tablespoons sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, pinch salt; stir until well mixed and crumbly.

LEMON BUBBLE BREAD

Half cup sugar, 1 teaspoon mace, grated rind 1 lemon, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup very warm water, 1½ oz. compressed yeast, 1 beaten egg, 3 to 3½ cups flour, extra 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute.

Mix half the sugar and mace with lemon rind in basin; set aside until required. Scald milk in saucepan, add remaining sugar, salt, and butter or substitute; cool to lukewarm. Pour warm water into large bowl, sprinkle on the yeast, stir until yeast dissolves, then stir in the milk mixture, beaten egg and 2½ cups flour. Beat until smooth and mixture leaves sides of basin. Sprinkle pastry-board with remaining flour, pour dough out of basin; knead until smooth and elastic to touch. Place in large greased bowl, cover with clean tea-towel, allow to rise 45 minutes in warm place or until double in bulk. Punch down dough, turn out on board. Cut dough in half, then each half into 12 small pieces. Work each piece into small balls, place 6 balls in each base of 2 greased loaf-tins. Brush with half the extra butter (melted), sprinkle with the lemon-sugar mixture, add remaining balls, brush

TOMATO-CHEESE BREAD—gay and good, tasting! Earthenware flower-pots make unusual baking-pots for this tomato-and-cheese flavored loaf, so right with soups and salads. Bake a big family-size loaf or individual little loaves, each in its own small flower-pot.

again with melted butter, sprinkle on remaining lemon-sugar mixture. Return to warm place, cover, allow to rise again 45 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes or until cooked. Remove, cool in tins 3 minutes, then turn out on cake-cooler. Serve hot or cold with butter curls.

SAVORY LUNCHEON BUN

Yeast Dough: Half ounce compressed yeast, ½ cup lukewarm water (approximately), 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute (melted).

Soften yeast in water. Add sifted flour, salt, sugar, and melted butter or substitute. Mix, adding more water if needed to make moderately stiff dough. Knead on lightly floured surface until smooth and elastic. Place in lightly greased bowl, turn over to grease top, cover, and let rise in warm place until double in bulk (about 1 hour). Prepare meat mixture.

Meat Mixture: One pound finely minced cooked lamb, 1 cup finely chopped onion, ½ cup finely chopped parsley, 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 dessertspoon finely chopped mint, ½ clove garlic (crushed), ½ teaspoon oregano, 1-3rd cup tomato sauce, 1 cup skinned, chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper.

Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly, set aside. Divide dough into 3 large rounds, let stand 10 minutes. Place on greased baking-sheet, spread each round to edge with meat mixture. Bake until crust is golden (about 15 minutes) in hot oven. Serve immediately or cool on rack and reheat before serving.

Continued overleaf

A little Marmite sparks a lot of family fun!

IT'S THAT LITTLE EXTRA SOMETHING MARMITE HAS



MARMITE nature's own vitality food

'City' diets may satisfy hunger, but starve you of Vitamin B1. That is why Marmite is such a widely recommended supplement to the modern family diet. A pure vegetable extract, Marmite* contains yeast in a carefully prepared form and yeast is perhaps the richest known source of Vitamin B1. Every Marmite sandwich... every cup of Marmite 'broth'... gives your family this abundant goodness. Wonderfully stimulating to the appetite. Highly concentrated, too — a little goes a surprisingly long way. Look for Marmite in the size to suit your family at your grocer's today.

*Marmite contains no meat and is not an extract of meat

Breads from other lands

BELOW are some of the special breads of the world whose fame has spread beyond the borders of their own country. Some are traditional, many may be new to you.

ENGLAND: Warm and good, like the hospitality to be found in English country kitchens, these delicious little buns are ideal for morning or afternoon tea.

DEVONSHIRE SPLITS

One pound flour, pinch salt, ½ oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon castor sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ pint milk, ½ pint water.

Cream yeast and sugar, add milk and water, sprinkle with 1oz. flour. Sift flour and salt into warmed bowl, rub in butter or substitute. Add yeast mixture, mix to soft dough. Cover, set to rise until double in size.

Pat out dough on well-floured board. Pull off small pieces and shape into rounds. Place on baking-sheet, put in warm place to prove 15 minutes. Bake in hot oven until golden brown. Serve with jam and whipped cream.

ARMENIA: The Cheese Beurek of Armenia is famous throughout the world. It is an unusual and delicious bread with a rich cheese filling that melts in the baking. Quantities given below make 4 loaves.

CHEESE BEUREK

One tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2 cups warm water, 1oz. yeast, 5 to 6 cups flour.

Filling: One and a half pounds grated cheddar (or similar) cheese, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon coarsely ground pepper.

Combine melted butter or substitute, salt, sugar, and water in large warm bowl. Crumble in yeast and stir until dissolved. Stir in sifted flour, adding enough to make fairly stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, knead until smooth and elastic (about 6 to 7 minutes). Let rise in warm place until almost doubled in bulk, punch down, let rise again until almost doubled (about 1 hour).

Divide dough into 4 portions, roll each into a long oval, pointed at ends, about ¼in. thick. Spread cheese filling in strip down centre, leaving it a little thicker in centre than at ends. Wet edges of dough with water, bring together at top and press down length of loaf to seal tightly. Ends should be quite pointed. Arrange on greased baking-sheet, let rise until almost doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 10 to 15 minutes.

To make filling, combine all ingredients.

HUNGARY: This delicious roll is filled with a rich mixture of chopped hazelnuts, cinnamon, and plump raisins. Walnuts can replace the hazelnuts in the filling.

HAZELNUT AND CINNAMON-RAISIN ROLL

Half ounce yeast, ½ cap lukewarm water, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup milk, about 3 cups flour.

Filling: One and a half cups raisins, warm water, 1½ cups ground hazelnuts or walnuts (firmly packed), 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, grated peel 2 lemons, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Glaze: One egg, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Blend yeast with warm water, set aside. Mix sugar and salt, blend in butter well. Stir in egg-yolk, milk, and yeast mixture. Sift in 2½ cups flour, mix thoroughly. Continue adding flour gradually until dough is soft but not sticky. Turn on to floured board, knead until smooth and elastic (about 10 minutes). Place in greased bowl, cover with greased paper, rest in warm place for about 45 minutes.

Divide dough in 2 portions. Roll out one section on lightly floured cloth to form 15in. square. Spread half of filling to within 1in. of each edge. Gently lift one side of cloth, let dough roll to form compact loaf; fold ends under to seal. Repeat with other half of dough and filling. Cover with waxed paper, let stand in warm place about 45 minutes. Beat egg with milk, brush over top and sides of rolls. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, reduce temperature, bake further 10 minutes.

Filling: Stand raisins in warm water to plump a few minutes; drain. Combine all ingredients, stir over low heat until thickened and of spreading consistency (about 20 minutes). Let cool slightly.

ITALY: This simple-to-make Italian recipe is a water dough, shaped into long bread sticks and brushed with warm water during baking to give a good crust.



ITALIAN SALT STICKS, crisp and crusty, are made with a simple water-dough. Serve with any type of soups, salads.

CRUSTY SALT STICKS

One ounce yeast, 2 cups warm water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 teaspoons salt, 8 cups flour, coarse salt.

Dissolve yeast in warm water, add sugar and salt. Stir in 7 cups of flour. Turn out on board, knead in about 1 cup more flour to make stiff dough. Knead until smooth and elastic, cover with damp cloth and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (about 1½ hours); punch down. Break off pieces of dough and form into balls about 1½in. in diameter. Then, with palms of hands and spread fingers, form balls into long sticks. Place on greased baking-tray, allow to rise, then brush with water, sprinkle with coarse salt. Put into cold oven (do not pre-heat oven), then bake at moderate temperature until brown and crisp (about 30 minutes). Once during baking brush sticks with warm water.

AMERICA: Originally brought over from Europe to America by the new settlers in the early days, it has long been a part of American country tradition.

MONKEY BREAD

One and a half ounces yeast, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute (melted), 3½ cups flour, extra melted butter.

Dissolve yeast in milk which has been scalded and cooled to lukewarm. Stir in sugar, salt, melted butter, and sifted flour. Beat well; cover and let rise in warm place until almost double in bulk (about 1 hour). Punch down, roll out on lightly floured board to ¼in. thickness. Cut into diamond-shaped pieces about 2½in. long. Dip each piece in extra melted butter, arrange in large ring-tin. Repeat layers until tin is just over half full, alternating position of each layer so diamonds are not directly above each other. Let rise until almost doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until golden. Glaze, while hot, with melted butter.

FRANCE: Travellers overseas have spread the fame of the "little breads" of France, crisp, golden, feather light. Serve little Brioche with hot, fragrant coffee.

BRIOCHE

Two cups flour, 1oz. yeast, ¼ cup warm water, 3 large eggs, 5oz. butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, beaten egg-yolk.

Sift flour on pastry-board and take ¾ of it. Make well in this quarter, put in yeast. Work up to soft dough with warm water; place in jug, cover with additional warm water and allow dough to rise to top. To remainder of flour add beaten eggs, salt, and sugar; beat on board until dough is very light. Lift doughball from water, add creamed butter and beaten dough. Put combined doughs on lightly floured bowl; cover bowl with plate, let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Place in refrigerator overnight. Then roll out into long sausage-shape. Cut off in 1in. long pieces, fill into small brioche moulds or large patty-tins which have been well-greased. Push finger gently down a little into centre of dough to make hollow and place in it small ball of dough to make head or crown of brioche. Allow to rise again in warm place until doubled in bulk; brush with beaten egg-yolk. Bake in very hot oven 20 minutes.

MAKE ALL THESE WITHOUT YEAST

THE recipes on this page do not depend on yeast for leavening but make full use of chemical rising agents such as bicarbonate of soda and the phosphates in baking-soda and self-raising flour.

TAHITIAN PINEAPPLE LOAF

One large can crushed pineapple (fruit and juice), 1 cup pineapple juice (extra), 10oz. desiccated coconut, 4 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 4 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. glace cherries.

Combine pineapple and juice with coconut, add well-beaten eggs, mix well. Sift flour with sugar, salt, and soda, add to first mixture. Mix until well blended, stir in cherries. Pour into 3 well-greased 5in. x 9in. loaf-tins or 2 larger tins (or mixture will make 1 large and 1 small baba loaf). Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. If desired, glaze top of loaf by mixing ¼ cup pineapple juice with 1 teaspoon cornflour; bring to boil, cool a little, brush over loaf-top.

HONEY-WALNUT ROUND

One cup milk, 1 cup honey, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 2½ cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts.

Scald milk, add honey and sugar, stir over medium heat until sugar is dissolved; cool. Beat in softened butter or substitute and egg-yolks. Sift in flour, salt, bicarbonate of soda; beat well; add walnuts. Pour batter into well-greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour or until well risen and golden. Cool in tin 15 minutes before turning out on cooler.

MOIST RAISIN BAR

One and a half cups raisins, 1½ cups water, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour, ½ cup of raisin water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Simmer raisins in the water 20 minutes, drain; save ½ cup of raisin water. Cream butter or substitute and brown sugar, add egg and beat well. Dissolve soda in reserved raisin water. Sift ½ cup of the flour over raisins. Sift remaining flour with spices, fold into creamed mixture alternately with raisin water. Stir in floured raisins and vanilla. Bake in greased 4in. x 8in. loaf-tin in moderate oven 35 minutes.

HOLIDAY BANANA BREAD

One and three-quarter cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup mashed ripe bananas, 1 cup mixed dried fruit.

Sift flour, baking-powder, soda, and salt; add mixed fruit. Cream butter or substitute well; add sugar gradually, continue beating until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten eggs, mixing well. Add flour mixture alternately with bananas, a little at a time, mixing after each addition until smooth. Turn into well-greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until done.

BRAZIL NUT-FRUIT LOAF

Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sliced brazil nuts, ½ cup chopped candied peel, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon chopped glace cherries, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 3 dessertspoons melted butter or substitute.

Sift flour, baking-powder, sugar, and salt; add nuts and fruit. Beat eggs, combine with milk and melted butter or substitute, add to flour mixture. Stir just enough to moisten flour. Pour into greased 1lb. loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

SPICY PRUNE LOAF

Two cups boiling water, 2 cups prunes (uncooked and coarsely chopped), 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1½ cups sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Pour boiling water over prunes, add soda, allow to stand 10 minutes. Mix butter or substitute, sugar, and egg thoroughly, stir in vanilla. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Add to egg mixture alternately with cooled water from prunes. Stir in prunes and nuts. Spoon into two 9in. x 5in. well-greased loaf-tins. Bake in slow oven 1 hour or until loaves are golden brown.

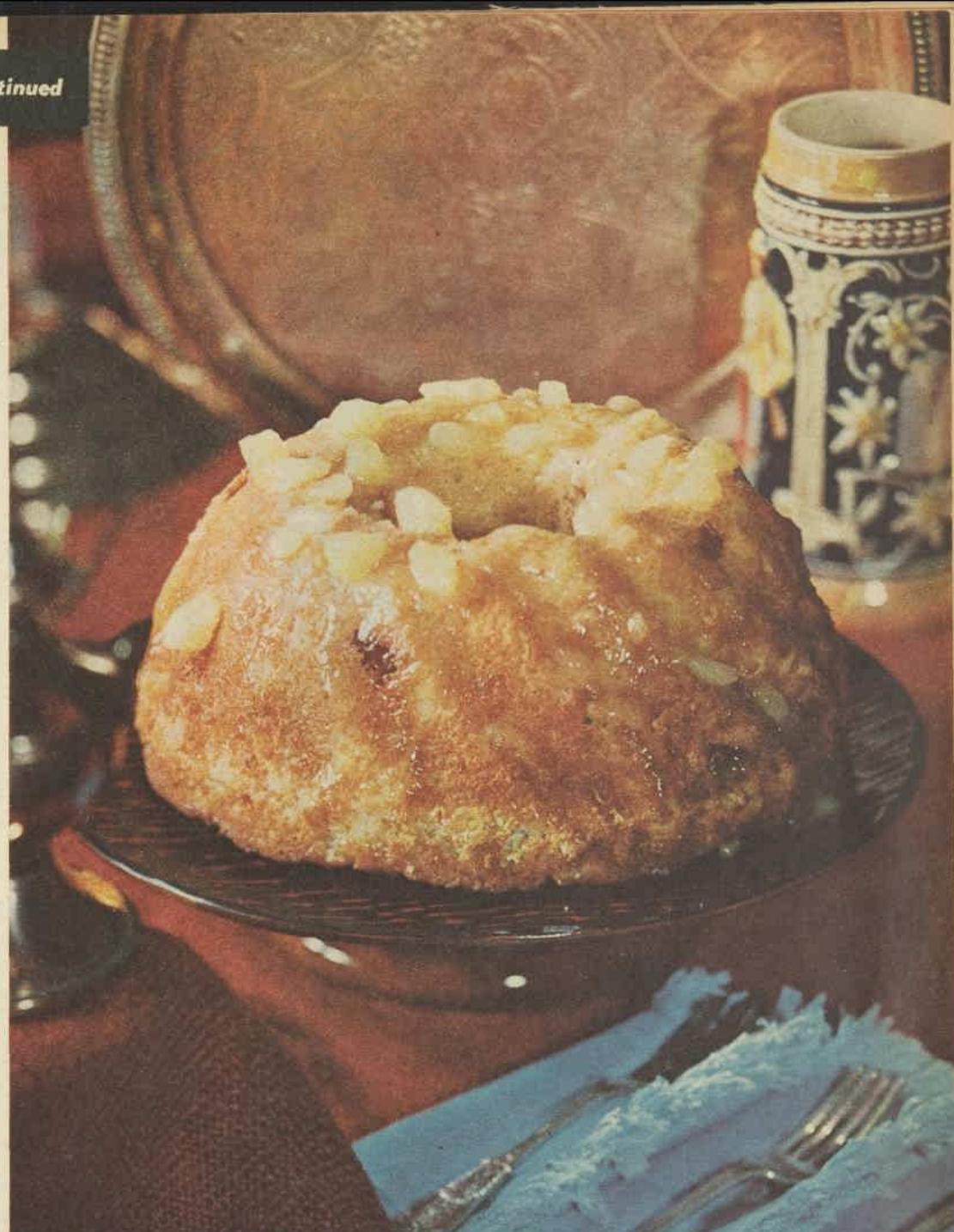
BUTTER-WALNUT LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, ½ cup milk, 2 cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, walnut halves, melted butter.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add chopped walnuts. Stir over medium heat until butter is dark brown (about 8 minutes). Remove from heat, take walnuts from pan, re-serve butter. Add the brown and white sugars to butter in pan, blend well; stir in milk, mix until smooth. Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt. Add all at once to sugar-milk mixture, blend thoroughly. Stir in browned walnuts. Turn into greased loaf-tin, top with walnut halves, brush with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes.

This loaf is best made the day before it is to be eaten; the flavors then will be well blended and the bread will slice easily.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963



ORANGE BAR

Two large oranges, ½ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup boiling water, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt.

Peel oranges, cut peel in narrow strips. Cover with hot water and boil until tender; drain. Add sugar and 1-3rd cup boiling water, boil peel for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, continue stirring as it cools. When cool, add beaten egg and milk. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt; add to orange mixture, mix thoroughly. Pour into well-greased loaf-tin, let stand 20 minutes. Bake in hot oven 1 hour. Cool before slicing.

DATE AND WALNUT RING

Eight ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 3oz. chopped dates, 1 egg, scant ½ pint milk.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and spice. Rub in butter or substitute until mixture is like breadcrumbs. Add brown sugar, nuts, and dates; mix well. Beat egg well, add milk; stir into dry ingredients. Beat well, turn into greased ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven 50 minutes or until done.

DUTCH POPPY SEED LOAF

Three cups flour, 3½ teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup poppy seeds, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 and 1-3rd cups milk.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt, mix with poppy seeds. Beat butter or substitute until creamy, beat in sugar and eggs. Add grated lemon rind. Add flour mixture alternately with milk. Turn into well-greased 9in. x 5in. x 3in. loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 60 minutes, or until done.

CHOCOLATE LOAF WITH ALMONDS

Two and a half cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup cocoa, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 and 1-3rd cups milk, ½ cup melted butter or substitute, ½ cup chopped almonds.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, cocoa, and sugar twice. Beat egg, add milk and melted butter or substitute. Stir into dry ingredients with chopped almonds, mixing just enough to dampen flour. Pour into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

TAHITIAN PINEAPPLE LOAF, moist with coconut, has also the wonderful tangy flavor of pineapple. A loaf that is easy to make, it is delicious enough to serve on gala occasions.

MALTED DATE BREAD

One tablespoon butter, 6oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon malt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. wholemeal flour, 1 cup dates (chopped), 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water.

Dissolve soda in the water, pour over dates, set aside to cool. Cream butter, sugar, and malt. Beat in egg and vanilla. Stir in date mixture, then the 2 flours sifted together. Pour into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

APRICOT-NUT LOAF

Half cup dried apricots, ½ cup water, 8oz. flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 egg, 8oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute (melted), ½ cup orange juice, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Soak apricots in the water 30 minutes, drain and chop. Beat egg until foamy, add sugar, beat until light. Add melted butter or substitute and orange juice, stir into sifted dry ingredients. Fold in chopped apricots and nuts, pour into well-greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

SPICY RAISIN COFFEE LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sour cream, 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ cups raisins.

Cream together butter or substitute and 1 cup sugar, add eggs and vanilla; beat well; blend in sour cream. Sift in flour, baking-powder, soda, and salt, mix well. Spread half batter in greased 9in. square tin. Mix nuts, ½ cup sugar, and cinnamon; sprinkle half over batter. Sprinkle raisins over. Spoon on remaining batter, top with remaining nut mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes. Serve warm with butter.

Continued overleaf



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King Size or Regular

CAKE RECIPE WINS £5

• Featured this week is a recipe for an unusual coffee-liqueur fruit cake that wins the £5 main prize for a South Australian reader in our regular recipe contest.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a meat-loaf that is cooked in a saucepan instead of being baked in the oven.

All spoon measurements are level.

COFFEE LIQUEUR FRUIT CAKE

Twelve ounces mixed fruits, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. currants, 4oz. blanched almonds, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup port wine, 2 eggs (well beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour.

Place mixed fruit, sultanas, currants, almonds, sugar, water, and butter or substitute into saucepan, bring to the boil. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from

stove, allow to cool. Stir in coffee essence, port wine, and well-beaten eggs. Sift together ginger, bicarbonate of soda, mixed spice, and flour; fold into first mixture. Fill into greased and lined 8in. cake-tin, bake in moderately slow oven 1½ to 2 hours. Allow cake to cool before removing from tin.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Carson, Box 3, Ceduna, S.A.

MEAT-LOAF WITH ZIPPY SAUCE

Two pounds finely minced beef, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 egg, 1½ tablespoons seasoned flour, little milk, crisp breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon fat, zippy sauce (see below).

Combine meat, salt, pepper, soft breadcrumbs, and onion. Bind with some

of beaten egg, roll in seasoned flour into neat loaf shape. To remaining egg add a little milk, spread over outside of loaf. Roll in crisp breadcrumbs. Melt fat in saucepan, gently brown loaf all over. Lift out, place wire rack in bottom of saucepan. Put meat-loaf on this, cover with tightly fitting lid, cook gently 1 hour. After 30 minutes' cooking, lift out meat, pour away fat, add zippy sauce. Replace meat, finish cooking, basting frequently with sauce until meat is tender. Serve hot or cold.

Zippy Sauce: Combine 4 tablespoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons tomato relish or chutney, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, dash cayenne pepper; mix well.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Barnsley, Oak St., Chinchilla, Qld.

Home-baked loaves and buns . . . concluded

Make all these without yeast (from previous page)

NEVER-A-CARE TEACAKE

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 tablespoon cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, vanilla essence, chopped walnuts. Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla, add beaten egg-yolk. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, reserving 1 dessertspoonful. Fill into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler, brush top with reserved egg-white, sprinkle with nuts.

Variation: Omit cocoa from cake mixture, spread half mixture in tin, cover with combination of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Spread remainder of cake mixture on top, bake as directed 30 to 35 minutes.

APRICOT LOAF

Half cup chopped dried apricots, water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, 4oz. melted butter or substitute.

Soak apricots in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water 2 or 3 hours; drain thoroughly. Sift flour, salt, baking-powder, and soda into basin, add sugar, apricots, and raisins. Add beaten egg, milk, orange rind, and butter, mix well. Fill mixture into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning out.

MARMA RING

Three cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 tablespoon malted milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups mixed fruit, pinch salt, 2-3rds cup milk.

Sift flour, spice, salt, and malted milk; add fruit and sugar. Beat egg, add marmalade, melted butter, and milk. Fold into dry ingredients, making soft mixture. Fill into greased ring-tin or fruit-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool slightly on cake-cooler, serve in slices with butter.

NUT ORANGE LOAF

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, 3 dessertspoons grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

Cream butter with honey, add beaten egg and orange rind. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with orange juice. Lastly, fold in nuts and fill into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Allow to stand in tin 15 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. Serve warm and sliced.

BANANA GLOW TEACAKE

One cup sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, 1 beaten egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 firm bananas, extra 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and 1 tablespoon sugar into bowl; rub in butter or substitute, add beaten egg and milk and stir until blended. Spread dough evenly into greased shallow pan, sprinkle with remaining sugar mixed with lemon rind and cinnamon. Top with peeled sliced bananas, brush with extra melted butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes or until golden. Cut into squares, serve warm.

BARBY FRUIT ROLL

Eight ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons spice, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 8oz. mixed fruit, 2 dessertspoons golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour milk.

Sift flour, soda, spice, salt, and nutmeg. Rub in butter, add sugar and fruit. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, pour in warmed golden syrup and sour milk; mix in lightly. Turn into 2 greased nut-roll tins. Bake in moderate oven approximately 40 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand in tins 15 minutes before turning on to cake-coolers.

CINNAMON PIXIE

Half pound flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, baking-powder and salt, rub in butter or substitute; add sugar, well-beaten egg and milk. Beat mixture 1 minute with wooden spoon. Fill into greased 8in. cake-tin, cover with the following topping.

Topping: Sift 3 tablespoons flour and 1 dessertspoon cinnamon into basin, add 3 tablespoons sugar, rub in 1oz. butter. Bake in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Turn out on to clean cloth or sheet of greaseproof paper to preserve topping. Invert on to serving-plate.

ICED TEA-RING

Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2oz. raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 tablespoons milk, 4oz. icing-sugar, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2oz. chopped walnuts.

Sift flour, salt, baking-powder, and soda into bowl. Cream butter and sugar, add egg, beat well. Add flour, raisins, cinnamon, and milk, mix to fairly stiff dough. Turn into greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes or until done; cool. Mix sifted icing-sugar with enough lemon juice to give spreading consistency. Pour over top of tea-ring so a little runs down sides; sprinkle with walnuts.

A reader's story

• "Matrimony — the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented." — Heine.

"MARRIAGE in RUINS"

• Did you dearly and passionately love the person you married? Did you long to spend every possible minute with your "chosen one"? Did you honestly feel your life would be useless if your loved one were to be taken from you for ever?

If all these things apply to you, then read on, for I have quoted exactly how my husband and I felt about one another in the two years prior to our wedding and the first year or so of marriage.

I have some advice to offer, which I hope will save other people the heartache, misery, and the senseless loss of precious years we have suffered.

I cannot pin-point exactly when the trouble started, when we began to drift

You become more convinced than ever that you made a very big mistake in your choice of a partner.

By now there are children and it tears your heart out to watch them suffer from the constant quarrels, but the stage has been reached where no matter how hard you try, no matter what vows you make, fights will occur in front of the little ones.

Sure, when it's over, you console them, make excuses for your own and your partner's behaviour, but you do not erase the damage done.

long as there's a glimmer of the desire to hold grimly on to your partner at some times, there's hope!

It will be a long, tedious, heart-breaking job; you will have to work at it the whole time; you will often feel it is hopeless, but, believe me, you can do it if you try, try!

Over and over again relive in your mind the wonderful times you've had together. Say to yourself, often, "I wanted this person so much! I would have died had we been parted."

Make a genuine effort to push past jealousies and heartaches out of your mind. Forget the bitter fights, learn instead how to avoid them.

Forget that "other woman" (you know in your heart you were partly to blame, and that if you'd left then, you'd have suffered more).

Calmly talk your troubles out with your partner if you can; talk to your doctor

can beat them! You've proved that much by now.

Never again make him feel that you do not want his company and affection.

Don't say any more hurtful, angry words.

Praise your partner to your children (even if this goes against the grain).

Watch the change that comes over them as the quarrels diminish in fervor and number. Watch their reaction when they realise you love each other after all.

Finally comes the wonderful day when the sun shines through and once more you are loved and respected by your husband.

You are many years older and much, much wiser, but what a wicked waste those years have been! Believe me, the love you have recaptured is worth all you've been through.

You rejoice that you battled it through, for now there's security, happiness,

Quarrels, spite...

apart. All I know is that with many people, as with us, these things happen gradually.

Each row becomes more vicious and prolonged, hateful, vengeful words are spoken, and each partner is left feeling limp, heart-sick, and bamboozled.

Sure, you make it up! But somehow, as the months creep into years, the making-up becomes harder and harder to achieve, and less and less thorough.

The former exhilaration of being the "victor" is now missing, and you develop that deadly attitude of "What's the use? We'll be fighting again in a few days!"

Slowly you reach the stage of energy-sapping, quiet revolt.

There's nothing left to be said.

You churn things over and over in your mind in the dark of the night or as you go about your work.

They become bitter, precocious, defiant. Their behaviour is one more thing to wrangle over!

Where will it all end? What happened to those two devoted, loving people who vowed "for better, for worse"? Where have all the rosy dreams vanished to?

With a shock you realise you are now one of the hundreds of couples whose marriages are "headed for the rocks."

Who's to blame?

Oh, no, it couldn't be you! You've tried all you know how!

You find you cannot even cry about the situation. You're embittered and emotionless.

Yet, you know, you must salvage your marriage.

It doesn't matter why.

Be the reason financial, or because of the children, because of what families or friends would say, or because you just don't know any other way of life — as

if you like, but don't talk to relatives or friends about your marital troubles.

When you see trouble brewing with your partner, sidestep it with a smile. Think of how nice things used to be.

Slowly, ever so slowly, you will find you're becoming more outgoing, more happy, and your partner is looking less wretched, less hateful.

You may even learn how to cry again, and believe me this is important, as it shows your mind is functioning and your heart thawing.

Sure, there'll be "black" times to be suffered, but you

and a deep understanding that grows from the ruins, from something you almost lost.

But — don't let these things happen to you in the first place. At the earliest danger signals, fight back the temptation to "have a quarrel."

Don't waste your life, for we aren't here for ever, and it's only when you have made the long journey back that you realise just how much time you've thrown away.

— "SECOND CHANCE." (The writer supplied her name and address, but asked to be anonymous.)

Exercise for baby

• Proper daily exercise for everyone is an essential for good health. It should have an important place in every baby's and toddler's daily routine, says Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse.

It is important to the baby, so that he can develop a strong body and have correct posture, and it is an essential factor in his good nutrition.

In the first few weeks of his life, when he is asleep most of the time, he gets his exercise through his mother's wise handling of him.

Later he gets exercise by waving his arms, kicking, and crying.

A breast-fed baby gets good exercise at first by vigorous feeding to satisfy his hunger.

Too often little babies are left tightly wrapped up in their "cuddles" and tucked up in their bed-clothes during the times they wake up from their feeds, when they should be freed from their clothes and be allowed to kick and exercise.

Suggestions for the baby's and toddler's exercise and development, giving some simple little daily exercises, are contained in a leaflet, which is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

(Please note that a STAMPED, addressed envelope MUST be enclosed when sending for the leaflet.)

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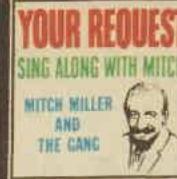
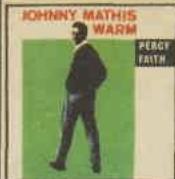
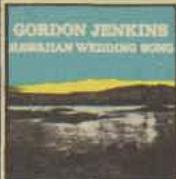
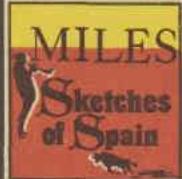
LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly





143—Everybody Loves a Lover; Be My Love; Wonderland By Night; Volare; Greenfields; Vaya Con Dios; Round and Round; Marianne; So Rare; three more.

102—The Pan Piper; Seta; Solea; Will of the Wisp; Concierto De Aranjuez 'Best Jazz Record of 1961'—Hi-Fi Stereo Review. A collector's item.

29—Beyond the Sea; Moonlight on Diamond Head; Now is the Hour; Honolulu Honeymoon; Heavenly Islands; Ke Kali Nei Au; Hawaiian Paradise; Blue Hawaii; four more.

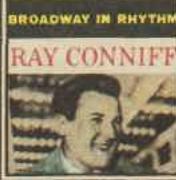
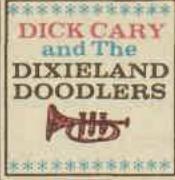
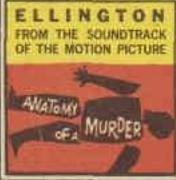
55—The (Pastorale) Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, a most moving and wonderful record of this lovely work. Bruno Walter and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

110—Warm Baby, Baby, Baby; By Myself; I'm Glad There Is You; A Handful of Stars; The Lovely Thing You Do; There Goes My Heart; While We're Young; What'll I Do?; three more.

154—Exodus; Autumn Leaves; Tchaikovsky Concerto; Bewitched; Warsaw Concerto; Near You; Quiet Village; Nocturne in E Flat; Begin the Beguine; Canadian Sunset; etc.

33—Wolverton Mountain; I'm Just Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail; You're Breaking My Heart; I Backed Out; The Comancheros; Sweet Lovin'; Big River, Big Man; five more.

69—When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along; Under the Bamboo Tree; The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi; Sunny Side Up; Aurora Lee; Harbour Lights; nine others.



52—I Love My Baby; My Baby Loves Me; If You Knew Susie; Side by Side; Collegiate; Indiana; The Trail of the Lonesome Pine; My Melancholy Baby; Waggon Wheels; etc.

127—Temptably Blue; U.M.M.G.; Red Garter; All of Me; Red Shoes; Hello Little Girl; Ready Go; Red Carpet; Malletoba Spank; Features Dizzy Gillespie, J. Hodges and J. Jones.

70—From the Film Track, Midnight Indigo; Almost Cried; Happy Anatomy; Flirtbird; Hero to Zero; Low Key; Lightly; Grace Valse; Upper and Outes; Way Early Subtone.

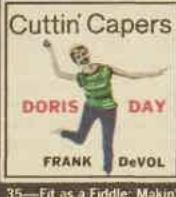
37—Two of the great achievements in music: Mozart's Symphonies No. 41 (Jupiter), No. 35 (Haffner). Bruno Walter conducts the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

105—Mack the Knife; Swanne River; Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair; Camptown Races; Billy Boy; Waltzing Matilda; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; In the Good Old Summer Time.

81—Oklahoma; Bali Ha'i; People Will Say We're in Love; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; The Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Getting to Know You; and eight more.

38—Three masterpieces of impressionistic music—Afternoon of a Faun; La Mer—both by Debussy; Daphnis and Chloe, No. 2; by Ravel. Ormandy—Philadelphia Orchestra.

49—Peppermint Stick; Another Bachelor; My Mama Done Tole Me; Do It; Wallflower; Bill's Place; Shame, Shame, Shame; Rock and Roll Uprising; The Slide; many more.



95—Dyin' Momo Ado; Shango; Akwono; Dya; Gim-Go-La-Ba; Odum De Odum De; Kiaykihi; Babe Jinder; "Full of Fire and Emotion, Superb African Rhythm."

50—Charley, My Boy; Blues in the Night; Over the Rainbow; The Bay Next Door; Birth of the Blues; Trolley Song; April Showers; Lonesome Road; After You've Gone; etc.

9—Cherry Pink; Baby Sittin' Boogie; Lost Love; Won't Be Long; Calcutta; Theme from "Checkmate"; Greener Pastures; Riders in the Sky; North to Alaska; Don't Worry; three more.

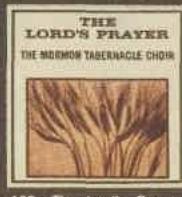
141—North to Alaska; Whispering Pines; The Painted Desert; The Battle of New Orleans; Sink the Bismarck; All for the Love of a Girl; etc.

98—The Little Spree; The Gypsies' Warning; Kirkwall Bay; Lady McKenzie; Greenwood Side; Fiddler's Joy; The Blackberry Bush; Mari Bhan; Grannys Duncan; Buinessan; 18 more.

88—Four Great Works: Christmas Concerto-Scherzo from Octet in E Flat Major; Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Air on the G String; Ormandy—Philadelphia Orchestra.

35—Fit as a Fiddle; Makin' Whoopie; Let's Fly Away; I'm Sitting on Top of the World; Steppin' Out With My Baby; The Lady's in Love With You; I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze.

10—Sama Kama Waky Brown; Yellow Bird; The Damsel's Lament; Angelique-O; Darlin' Won't You Wait; East Virginia; Banual; Hard Travellin'; The Zulu Warrier; etc.



163—My Prayer; Satin Doll; Round Midnight; But Beautiful; Smoke Gets in Your Eyes; My Funny Valentine; The Nearness of You; Just You, Just Me; Blues in Gold; four more.

158—The Lord's Prayer; Blessed are They That Mourn; How Great the Wisdom and the Love; For Unto Us a Child is Born; Holy, Holy, Holy; O, My Father; 148th Psalm; etc.

58—Anything You Can Do; Would You Like to Take a Walk?; You're Just in Love; Thanks for the Memory; Let's Do It; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off; The Rain in Spain; Wunderbar; etc.

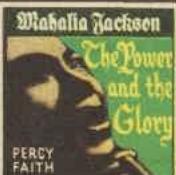
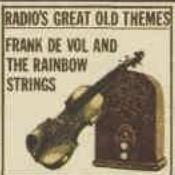
157—Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite; Sunrise; Cloudburst; Sunset; The Painted Desert; On the Trail. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia in a glowing performance.

76—Stealin' Apples; Gershwin Medley; One O'clock Jump; Balkan Mixed Girl; St. Louis Blues; Mr. Five-by-Five; Memories of You; Goodbye; March of the Belgian Paratroops.

151—Mattinata; The Band Played On; Over the Rainbow; A Media Luz; Yirese; I Want My Mama; Mambo Riff; Santa Lucia; Meet Me in St. Louis; Louis; etc. Exciting dance programme.

11—Romantique; Am I Blue?; Love is Just Around the Corner; Am I in Love?; Patterns; Sometimes I'm Happy; Santa Lucia; Azore; Small Fry; Adios; Sing Something Simple; etc.

128—Eileen is the finest soprano now before the public; Leise, Leise; Cavatina; Grand Dieu! Du Destin, Qui M'accable; Solo in Pianto; Ah, Perfido; etc.



106—June in January; February Fiesta; I'll Remember April; One Morning in May; Roses in December; Swingin' in November; Sleigh Ride in July; September Song; etc.

1617—Magnificent 2-record Set. (Counts as 2 records.) Brilliant glowing music, captured realistically by Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Super soloists headed by incomparable soprano, Eileen Farrell; world-famed tenor, Richard Lewis, and the magnificent Choir from Westminster. "Overwhelms Listener."

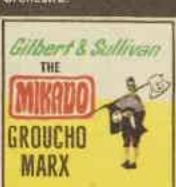
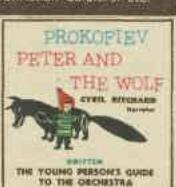
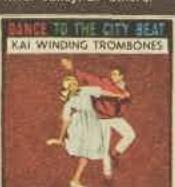
54—Jazz Impressions of two Broadway Hits. Our Language of Love; Put on a Happy Face; How Lovely to be a Woman; A Lot of Livin' to Do; From a Prison Cell; Baby, Talk to Me; Kids.

80—On the Radio; The Waltz You Saved for Me; The Gypsy's Warning; The Swan; The Painted Desert; The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.

144—The Holy City; In the Garden; Just as I Am; Rock of Ages; My Country 'tis of Thee; Nearer, My God, to Thee; Holy, Holy, Holy; The Lord is My Light; onward Christian Soldiers; etc.

171—Grieg's Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orch. Also Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini — Rachmaninoff, Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.

42—Love Me or Leave Me; Looking for Love; Like Someone in Love; When I Fall in Love; Love is Here to Stay; In Love in Vain; I Love a Piano; I Wish I Were in Love Again; four more.



91—Isaac Stern's brilliant technique gives a revealing and demanding performance of Brahms Violin Concerto in D Minor, Ormandy and the Philadelphia.

109—Bidin' My Time; Lullaby of Broadway; Fugue for Timbrels; When My Sugar Walks Down the Street; Lady Love Me; Baubles, Bangles and Beads; Whispering; etc.

96—El Rancho Grande; Me Voy Pa'l Pueblo; La Paloma; Siboney; La Cucaracha; Quizas, Quizas; Quien Sera; La Malaguena; Adelita; La Golondrina; three more.

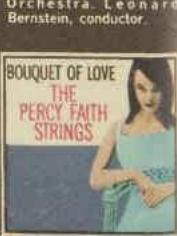
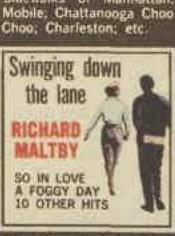
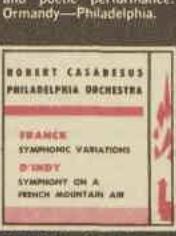
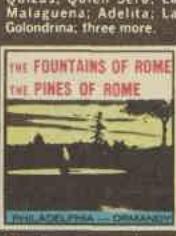
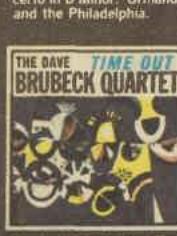
176—Violin Concerto in D Minor; The Swan; Russian violinist, Oistrakh, gives an artistic and poetic performance. Ormandy—Philadelphia.

85—St. Louis Blues; Moon Over Miami; Cha Cha Chicago; Shuffle Off to Buffalo; Lower Bonneville; Sidewalks of Manhattan; Mobile; Chattanooga Choo Choo; Charleston; etc.

59—Cyril Ritchard narrates a marvellous musical experience in Prokofiev's Peter and the Wolf. Also Britten's The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.

123—With Robert Rounsevel, Stanley Barlow, Barbara Meister and Helen Traubel. Includes A Wandering Minstrel I; Tit Willow; Behold the Lord High Executioner; etc.

22—Concerto in C Major for Diverse Instruments is wonderfully played by New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Leonard Bernstein, conductor.



44—Includes Take Five; Blue Rondo à la Turk; Strange Meadow Lark; Kathy's Waltz; Three to Get Ready; Everybody's Jumpin'; Pick up Sticks.

67—Prelude; Blues; Scherzo; Fugue; Rag; Chorale; Waltz à la Turk; plus There'll Be No Tomorrow—vocal interpretation by Carmen McRae.

94—A new recording of two beloved works brought to life by the world's greatest orchestra: Ormandy and the Philadelphia. Dazzling performance.

19—D'Indy: Symphony on a French Mountain Air for Orchestra and Piano, Op. 25; Symp. Variations for piano and orch.—Franck; Robert Casadesus, pianist; Ormandy, conductor.

27—Cheek to Cheek; East of the Sun, So in Love; All the Things You Are; A Foggy Day; Love is Here to Stay; When I Fall in Love; Isn't it Romantic?; I Married an Angel; East of the Sun; etc.

147—Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto in B. Glorious performance in B. Istomin, Ormandy and the Philadelphia. Exciting performance of romantic music.

139—Huapango; Adios Mariquita Linda; Las Alentitas; La Negra; Cocola; Besame Mucho; Maria Elena; Cielito Lindo; La Chaparrita; Perdida; Las Mananitas; Mucho Gusto.

26—Blue Moon; Stella by Starlight; Easy to Love; Invitation; If I Loved You; How High the Moon; Dul of the World; Soft Lights and Sweet Music; I Only Have Eyes for You; etc.

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES. Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club Magazine which you receive free each month.

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142—A Typical Day : Unnecessary Town : I'm Past My Prime : Namely You : Jubilation T., Cornpone : Otherwise : etc.



108—Dites Moi : Twin Soliloquies : There is Nothin' Like a Dame : Ball Ha'l : Younger than Springtime : etc.



136—I Enjoy Being A Girl : Don't Marry Me : You Are Beautiful : I Am Going to Like It Here : Chop Suey : etc.



119—Rhymes Have I : Sands of Time : Bazaar of the Caravans : Not Since Nineveh : Night of Nights : Fate : etc.



117—Hill of Dreams : The Legend : Freddy & His Fiddle : Strange Music : Three Loves : I Love You : Now etc.



71—Maria : Tonight : Something's Coming : One Hand, One Heart : I Feel Pretty : A Boy Like That : America :



68—Overture : Ballad of the Alamo : Here's to the Ladies : David Crockett : Tennessee Babe : Finale : 9 more.



18—Summertime : Gone, Gone, Gone : My Man's Gone Now : I Loves You Porgy : Catfish Row : Clara, Clara : etc.

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HIGH-FIDELITY
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MUSIC MAGAZINE given free to members each month. This illustrated magazine describes forthcoming selections ... interpretive notes on the music, background material on recording artists, etc.

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NEW MEMBER APPLICATION FORM

AUSTRALIAN RECORD CLUB PTY. LTD., P.O. Box 275, Crown St., Sydney.
I accept your offer and have circled at right the numbers of the three records I wish to receive for £1.

Send my three records **REGULAR**
(Mono) **STEREO**

CIRCLE 3
NUMBERS

9 49 88 136

10 50 91 139

11 52 94 141

18 55 96 143

19 58 98 144

22 59 102 147

26 67 105 151

27 68 106 154

29 69 108 157

33 70 110 158

35 71 117 163

37 76 119 171

38 80 123 176

42 81 127 199

44 85 128

* Counts as two records.

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MRS.
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STATE

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This offer does not apply in States where it contravenes the Act.

REMINDER FOR COOKS

I AM fond of my garden and when working in it was apt to forget my cooking and often went indoors to find a burnt saucepan.

Now I have bought a bright red bangle for 3d, which I hang near the electric stove. When I put a saucepan on the stove I put the bangle on my wrist. While wearing it, I never forget to run indoors to see how the cooking is going.

This idea might help other old ladies aged over 70 and contribute to their peace of mind.—Ida M. Alford, 122 Awaba St., W. Mosman, N.S.W.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Housewives and mothers will welcome these useful hints sent in by readers. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

A NEW way to stew pears is with a cupful of lemonade and sugar to taste. For an extra taste tingle add one dessertspoon of finely chopped ginger when the pears are almost cooked.—Mrs. I. Notley, 151 Penshurst St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Color white shoe cleaner with cake coloring to match small daughter's party dress. When the party's over the shoes can be restored to whiteness by wiping with a damp cloth.—Mrs. M. Easter, Hebden, via Ravensworth, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Press a ball of cotton-wool into the bottom of a vase before pouring in the water. It will absorb stains from flower

stems and keep the bottom of the vase clean.—Mrs. D. Willison, 6 Brown St., Subiaco, W.A.

★ ★ ★
To stop paint running down your arm when painting a ceiling, use a square of foam plastic, cut a hole in the centre and push the brush handle through the hole. The plastic square placed up close to the bristles will absorb any excess paint.—Mrs. B. Horler, 4 Cooper Street, Burnie, Tas.

★ ★ ★
Before using a new glass casserole, rub the outside with a raw onion. This helps to temper the glass to oven heat.—Mrs. R. Dow, 1181 Stanley St. East, Coorparoo, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★
To prevent laces being lost from children's shoes, stitch the laces together with strong matching thread where they first cross when threaded into the shoe. — Mrs. M. Overton, Somerville, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Easy way to decorate an iced cake: Cut blanched almonds in halves, color them with cochineal and other food colorings. Use them to make daisies on the icing, with green almonds for leaves, and cut thin for stems.—Mrs. W. T. Broome, 145 Prince's Highway, St. Peters, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
When mending knitted garments, place the torn part over the bristles of a hairbrush. This stops the yarn stretching during mending.—Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 13 Rogers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★
Before you cut out a new dress, press the paper pattern on to the material with a fairly hot iron. It will cling to the fabric, so no pins are needed and the cloth won't wrinkle.—B. Irvine, 237 Waterworks Rd., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★
Try substituting a cup of cold cooked mashed pumpkin for every two cups of flour when making the traditional dumplings to accompany a meat dish. The pumpkin gives a different flavor and a touch of color to the dish.—Mrs. I. A. Voigt, Box 128, Esperance, W.A.

★ ★ ★
Turn growing girls' dresses inside out when you hang them out after washing. The hem fades to match the dress so there's no darker band when it's let down. — Mrs. C. Rowe, 25 Eileen St., East Preston, Vic.

★ ★ ★
If you have a small child in the house, fix a drawing-board or blackboard to the wall beside his bed. The child will be able to scribble to his heart's content without damaging the wall.—Mrs. P. Hatt, 68 Ensign St., Narragin, W.A.

★ ★ ★
Cut green tops from a bunch of carrots as soon as possible because they draw the moisture from the carrots, leaving them dry and withered. Wash carrots and store in a plastic bag in refrigerator.—Mrs. I. Wade, "Cliftonwood," Yass, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
When baby grows too big for his pram, remove the pram body and saw it in half. Screw small legs to the underside, sandpaper the sawn edges, give it a coat of paint and you have a little chair for baby's own use.—Miss Nell Osman, 1 Richards St., Coburg, Vic.

★ ★ ★
If an egg required to make sandwiches has been too lightly boiled, scoop it out on to a plate and mash with a fork. Then put the plate over a saucepan of boiling water, and in a few minutes the egg will be just right to spread on bread.—Mrs. E. Crowe, 31 Gormans Hill Rd., Bathurst, N.S.W.



White coffee needs the right coffee



Gorgeous smell of roasting coffee beans! That's the fresh coffee taste that comes through with milk or cream when you use Golden Roast. It's blended right, roasted right for white coffee: rich, best-of-the-coffee-beans Golden Roast.

So many ways to enjoy good white coffee: He likes it with just a dash of milk perhaps, or a float of cream. Maybe you love it really milky—or fluffed up Cappuccino-style. So long as it's white coffee, the right coffee is always Golden Roast.

(the one coffee blended right, roasted right for white coffee)

COLLECTORS' CORNER

- Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives information about antiques owned by readers.

My curious Chinese vessel is supposed to have come from China about 20 years ago. It is encrusted with a rough coating the color of verdigris.—J. S. Munro, Warrandyte, Vic.

Your Chinese vessel (right) is a hu or wine vessel and once had a cover. The hu originally was made of bronze and dates from the Shang-yin (circa 1766-1122 B.C.) or early Chou dynasty (circa 1122-249 B.C.).

You suggest your vessel is pottery. If so, it is probably a copy of the ancient bronze form and would need to be inspected by an expert to assess its period. Chinese potters and bronze workers have continued to the present day to make reproductions of the antique form. The photograph gives me the impression the vessel is metal. I suggest you show it to the oriental expert at the Art Gallery, Melbourne.



● Chinese wine vessel.

- Interesting oil painting.

Could you please give me some information about my painting? It has the name Teniers printed on the bottom. — Mr. Black, Strathfield, N.S.W.

David Teniers the elder was born in Antwerp in 1582 and his son David Teniers the younger in 1610. Teniers the elder painted great religious pictures, including the "Temptation of St. Anthony," now in the Berlin Museum. Both Teniers' works have been much copied and unfortunately many poor imitations exist. I am not suggesting your picture (above) is a copy. The photograph gives me the impression the canvas is genuine of the period and it has a decided quality. I suggest you send a photograph to the National Gallery in London, and ask the experts there for their opinion.

★ ★ ★
My teapot has been in our family for four generations. It has the numerals 195 on the base. — Mrs. M. E. Ferram, Woodend, Vic.

This most interesting hand-painted teapot (below) is English Newhall porcelain, made about 1790. The shape has been copied from a silver teapot of the period.



● Porcelain teapot.

The figures 195 on the base are the pattern numbers and are recorded in authoritative accounts dealing with the history of the Newhall factory. Your teapot is a good example.

★ ★ ★
My chair is stained a dark color, but underneath is a honey color. It is in good condition. — Mrs. T. Cockburn, Wirrabara, S.A.

It is a Victorian hall chair (below), made between 1860-75. Unfortunately, the photograph does not show up the grain of the wood. Cedar sometimes appears to be a honey color, especially if it has mellowed and is then coated with a dark stain. Look under the seat and if the grain is open and a reddish color it is probably cedar.



● Victorian hall chair.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963

it takes **TWO** to make a salad sing with flavour !!!

Start with a sustaining protein theme in meat, eggs, fish or cheese. Arrange colourful close harmony with green, red and orange salad vegetables. Then bring in the soloists that set your salad singing with flavour! Golden Circle's sunshine sweet Tropical Pineapple, and spicy, royal-red slices of Golden Circle Beetroot. It takes the **TWO** to give your vitamin-rich summer salad irreducible flavour!



Golden Circle
(rich in Vitamin 'C')

tropical PINEAPPLE
tender sliced BEETROOT

A view from the settlement at Palm Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland.

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE Q.

WRAAC

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CHOICE OF INTERESTING JOBS. The WRAAC asks you what you'd like to do—and provides training with full pay in 28 different and essential jobs—clerks, draftswomen, cooks, transport drivers, operators, signals and switchboard, to name a few. You do the job that suits you best!

"Ordinary jobs didn't appeal—I wanted something really different—a chance to travel Australia—I found it in the

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"I couldn't be happier in my job as a WRAAC Signals Operator—that's the job I chose for myself from a wide selection offered me. The work is full of interest... it's important too... and you couldn't wish for better companions. I'd recommend the WRAAC to any girl."

Think about it, talk about it. And inquire further from—Assistant Director, WRAAC, at Army Headquarters in your capital city.

Issued by the Director of Recruiting.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Erica (heath) for small gardens



ERICA MELANTHERA, ideal for warm hill districts, grows to three feet and in winter is smothered in tiny lavender-pink bells with a deeper eye.



ERICA WILMOREI is one of the most attractive of the hardy heaths. It has pyramidal spikes of flowers in winter. The bush grows to two feet in height.

Gardening Book—page 122

- With their masses of bell-shaped waxy blossoms, ericas, or heaths, are among the most decorative of the evergreen shrubs and are ideally suited to small gardens, rockeries, and tubs.

THEY flower over an incredibly long period, many varieties providing a wealth of blossoms when other shrubs are dormant, lasting from late autumn right through till spring.

Ericas tolerate a surprising range of climatic and soil conditions. Many are hardy almost anywhere.

The colorings range through white, pinks, mauve, purple, many reds, and orange, and even yellow.

Most of them are easy to grow under ordinary garden conditions, but they prefer acid soils rich in leafmould and compost. Any decayed vegetable matter, peat, straw, or similar material worked into the soil will produce good results.

Lime may be fatal to some of the more sensitive species.

A sunny situation with reasonably good drainage is appreciated by most ericas, but there are some that thrive in shady, moist positions. As they are surface-rooting plants, the soil should never be cultivated close to the roots.

Trim the shrubs back after flowering. Propagate them by means of self-rooted layers or from small cuttings taken in autumn.

• Varieties available in addition to those illustrated include:

Erica darleyensis, which grows to 12 inches, with small pink-mauve bells. Long-flowering and attractive.

Erica darleyensis "George Rendall" (12 inches), a brighter version.

Erica "Stumpy" (12 inches), compact and distinctive, slow-growing, with mid-green foliage.

Erica linnaeoides (three feet), with long tubular rosy-red bells in distinct clusters tier above tier.

• The following varieties are not generally available, but if you hunt around among specialist nurseries they may be able to supply you:

Erica conica, with clustered heads of bright rosy-pink tubular flowers, reaching two feet and flowering in winter; *E. sessiliflora*, a rare species growing to four feet with dense heads of tubular flowers, bright green with red anthers; another green variety, *E. viridiflora*.

E. bowieana, a strong grower with grey foliage and puffed translucent white bells, flowering almost through the year;

E. mediterranea "Nana," growing to 12 inches, cushion-like with rosy-lilac flowers; *E. ventricosa "Magnifica,"* half-hardy, 12 to 18 inches in height, November flowering, with waxy inch-long tubular bells expanded in the middle with starry mouth, deep pink.

E. mediterranea "Rosslace," a recent hybrid growing to 24 inches, with bells of amaranth-rose and protruding black anthers; *E. mediterranea "W. T. Rackliff,"* regarded as the best newly introduced white, 24 inches high.

—ROSALIND REDWOOD

Gardening Book—page 123

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963

How to Make the Most of that Holiday-of-a-Lifetime in **BRITAIN**



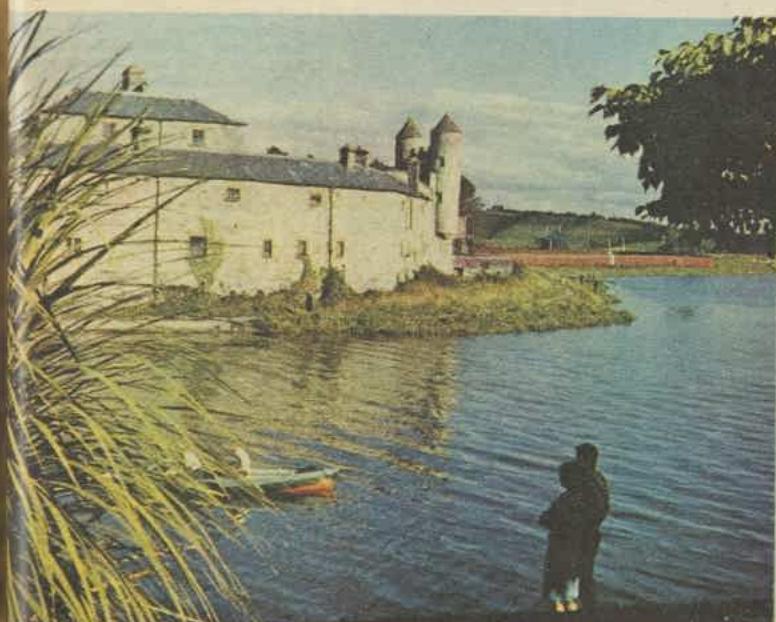
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Page 43

He had been right. She was going to cry. Tears round as dewdrops formed in the corners of her eyes and ran down the sides of her nose. Her whole body was trembling as he took her in his arms.

"Oh, Bill," she whispered, half-choking. Her sobs came in gasps like those of a child. Then he kissed her. Her lips were like orchids — crumpled, soft, cool, moist.

They clung to her. Her arms were around his neck.

They rode back in silence, side by side, the horses snapping half-heartedly at each other.

"I'll say I had a fall," Moira said.

A fall, he thought. That was the right word. A fall in the Garden of Eden on a bed of scarlet petals with his conscience the Angel Gabriel driving them forth. Out and into what? My best friend, he

Continuing . . . ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

from page 25

thought. How often he had read about it in the papers. How many men had betrayed their best friends? Yet she did not seem disturbed.

"We'll have to tell him," he said.

"Yes, Bill," she said. "We'll tell him, but not today."

"I love you," he said. "I want to —"

"Don't say it," she said. "You might be sorry." She was smiling at him sadly, as if he were a little boy, as if she knew something he did not know.

Where the track branched off to the Cummings place, she pulled up. "I'll go alone now," she said. "Come to dinner tomorrow."

"An affair," he said. "I don't

want an affair. I want to tell John; I want —"

"Don't say it," she said, "and don't kiss me again. I couldn't stand it. Tomorrow at eight, Bill." She rode off at a canter, her chestnut's hoofs throwing up gobs of black earth behind her.

Nothing was easy for him any more. His whole life had changed suddenly. It had a new focus. He tried to sort it out in his mind, but the facts were simple enough! He was in love with his best friend's wife; he wanted to marry her.

Cummings' marriage had always been a mystery. There had been a

lot of talk about it at the Kumpor Club. Cummings was nearly sixty, Moira twenty-four at most. And he never brought her down to the club. Didn't show her off the way you'd expect. Jealous, no doubt. Afraid of the young chaps.

Ted Baracough had said once, some years ago, soon after he had come out: "It's not easy for young chaps here. Not many choices. There are native girls. And there's drink. That's no real consolation, and you're likely to lose your job if it gets too bad.

Then there are other men's wives. Most of them are bored and ready enough, but they are a poor lot, taking them all round, and

they don't really like infidelity. It's just that they hate their husbands.

"Then, of course, there are the second-hand ones, as I call them — the girls who missed out at home and came out here to marry whom they can. Ugly, a lot of them. Like horses," he said. "They'll marry you, all right. That's what they want. Then they have a baby and their health goes. 'Got to go home,' they say — 'the climate.' And there you are, with all the expense of a wife and kid at home, and all alone again out here.

"Funny creatures, women," he said. "Besides, women are really tougher than we are. Shipwrecks, sieges, anything you like, they can take it. Got reserves and so on. They don't really have to go home. It's just that they want to — once they have a man to keep them."

"Then, of course," he went on, "you can give up women — become a misogynist. But it's difficult under thirty. Difficult under forty, too. Some men can, but I don't think they ever really liked women to begin with. They take up oriental languages, or botany, or collect butterflies.

"You'll see," he said. "It's not easy."

And it had been difficult. He'd done none of those things. Just flung himself into planting. He was regarded as something of a rubber-tree expert. His trees were among the most heavy-producing in the area.

W

WITHOUT knowing it, he had been building up a longing for love for ten years. He knew suddenly that it had been bound to happen. It had been simply a matter of time, place, and opportunity, and suddenly today they had coincided, not just for him but for Moira, too.

Why had she married John Cummings? And the talk . . . the talk, the gossip he had hardly known he was listening to at the club came back to him. "A dark horse . . . No one knows who she is . . . Why does she never come down? . . . Something wrong with a woman who never wants to talk to other women . . .

"And then look at the way she dresses up for that old man. Why, I've heard she wears Chinese clothes, cheong-sams split to the top of her thighs — satin . . . He spends a fortune on her."

But none of this helped. He was in love and there was no going back. Not even for Cummings.

But tomorrow wasn't going to be easy. He was not the kind of man who took such things lightly; he was not dashing, not debonair. Everyone thought him a bit of a stick, a bit serious, and the last man in the world to distrust.

Cummings greeted him happily. "A stengah, my boy?" he said. "I'm one up on you, so drink fast. Moira'll be down in a minute. She's making a special effort for you. Knock your eyes out if she does. Never seen her dressed up, have you?"

"I thought . . ." Bill said.

"Oh, yes, pretty enough," Cummings said, "but generally she dresses only for me. Not like most girls who dress up for strangers. I don't know what you've done to her. You'll see when she comes down."

He gave Fernley a drink and went on: "You know," he said, "she's a lovely girl, but being married to an old codger like me she doesn't want to give the young chaps ideas. That's why she dresses down, never goes to the club, and so on. You'll see," he said.

And he did. He had hardly raised his glass to his lips when he saw her coming downstairs in a black cheong-sam split to just above the knee. Her red-gold hair was ornamented with two carved tortoise-shell combs.

She looked taller and slimmer than he remembered. The girl in the cotton dress who was generally his hostess was gone. The girl in the jodhpurs had gone. Here was a woman unbelievably beautiful; sleek, poured into a dress that fitted her the way a bottle fits the wine.

He took her hand and looked into her eyes. They were beautiful.

To page 45



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Continuing . . . ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

been living with her and you're tired of her?"

"You'll know her name when I tell you, but be ready for a shock.

"Moira's real name is Fiona McLeod, who two years ago was accused of murdering her husband at Auchterarder in Perthshire. She was not acquitted, Bill. The case ended, as it can in Scotland, with a verdict of 'not proven.'

"But where do you come into it?"

"I was in England then, on leave, and I got to thinking about it. I was once in love with Fiona's mother, and from the photos in the papers Fiona was like her. I went to see her lawyers in Perthshire and

from page 44

I met her. She was broken, Bill. No money — the case had taken all she had — and she was notorious.

"So I said, 'Come back with me.' She said, 'How can I? How would it look?' 'We'll say we're married,' I said. 'You want me to live with you?' she asked. And I believed she'd have done it. After all, she was desperate.

"I said, 'No, dear. Just live in my house in Malaya. We'll change your appearance a bit.' She was a blonde, so we made her red. You'll just live in my house till something happens.'

"'What'll happen?' she asked.

'A man,' I said. 'That's what happens to girls, especially pretty girls, and I've got my eye on one for you.'"

The whole case came back to Bill then. There had been a lot of publicity, chiefly because the accused had been a young and pretty woman. McLeod had been poisoned, but no one ever found out by whom. But there had been no motive. No other man, and McLeod was not rich.

"She's a possible murderer, boy. Do you still want to go through with it?"

"You had me in mind all the time?"

"You're the chap I had my eye

on. She didn't do it, Bill. But I wanted to make sure of you. You see, I love the girl. She's so like her mother. Spitting image of her. And I want her to have a good home."

He laughed again.

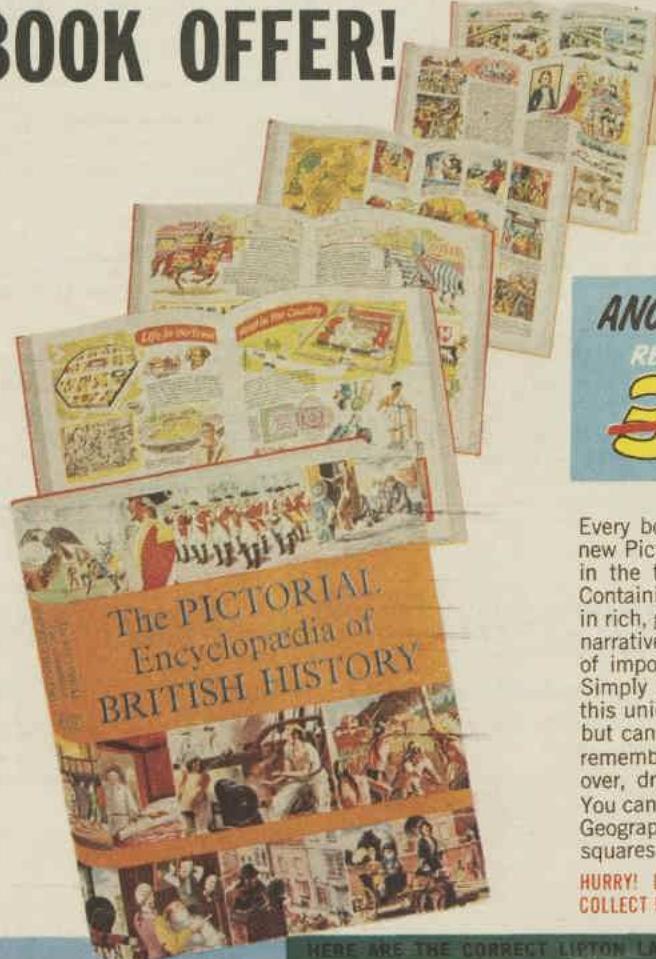
"But she didn't do it. Three months ago the cook confessed. She had poisoned four people and is in an asylum now. There wasn't much about it in the papers. Just a little piece in the *Times* and nothing over here. So you never saw it and even if you had it wouldn't have meant anything to you."

"You're quite clever, aren't you?"

"You know, Bill," he said. "This is too good. The story of how young Bill Fernley ran off with his best friend's wife. That will keep 'em busy at the club for weeks."

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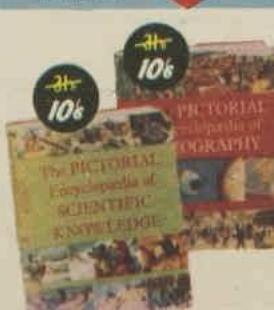
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blue-grey saucers without a hint of anything in them. Only when he took her hand did he feel anything. She was telling him without words that this was not the time. She was also telling him she loved him.

The dinner went off better than he had expected. It was a good dinner with good wine, and she was a charming hostess; gracious, entertaining.

When dinner ended, Moira said, "I'll leave you gentlemen to your port. We'll have coffee on the verandah."

When the door closed, they sat down. Cummings poured himself a glass of port and passed the decanter. The glasses were reflected on the mahogany table.

From the open window came the sweet scent of the flowers. Frangipani, tuberose, and the rich odors of the forest that brought the scene under the tulip tree to Fernley's mind. I can't go on with it, he thought. I must tell him.

"There's something . . ." he said.

But Cummings interrupted him, picking up his glass and holding it to the light. "Port's a lovely color," he said.

"I want to tell you something, John," Fernley started again. Before he could go on, a shot rang out and a bullet smacked into the wall by Cummings' head.

"Terrorists," he said.

Quickly, before Fernley had really understood what was up, Cummings reached under the table and stood up with a grenade in each hand. He pulled out the pins and lobbed one into the garden. Then, seizing Fernley's arm, he pulled him into the alcove.

"Get the guns, my boy," he said. "They're loaded."

One minute all was quiet as they drank their after-dinner port, and the next saw a terrorist attack, and his host, clad in a dinner jacket, lobbing grenades into his garden as if he was back in the war — and enjoying it, too.

Before Fernley got back with the guns there was a shot.

"That's Moira," Cummings said. "We keep two guns upstairs."

Taking the rifle from Fernley, he fired a few shots. "That's over," he said. "Just a tryout, to see if we were ready."

HE picked up his glass again. "Lovely color, port, isn't it?" he said. "But you were going to tell me something when we were interrupted, weren't you, Bill?"

"I was, John, but it's difficult. Shall I do it for you? I've seen a lot of life. I know people. Particularly young men and women." Then he said, "You've been like a son to me, Bill. More than a son in some ways. Because, though everyone wants a son, few people seem to breed a good one."

"You're making it harder for me."

Cummings raised his head. "You were going to tell me you're in love with Moira, weren't you?" he said. "And that she's in love with you. You're both young and good-looking. And then there's the boredom of the jungle, and the climate, and the moonlight, and the scent of the flowers, and the feeling that life's going on all around you. Everything's a bit out of kilter here, Bill."

"I . . ." Bill began again, and again he was stopped.

"You want to know what to do, don't you?"

"What am I to do? You're my best friend."

"It's always the best friend's wife whom a man falls in love with, Bill. You see, it's friendship that creates the opportunity." The old man began to chuckle. "Do?" he said, when he'd done laughing. "I'll tell you what to do, Bill. Run away with the girl. Elope."

"Do you mean you want me to?"

"That's my advice. What I'd do if I were you."

"We want to get married," Bill said. "Will you?" — he paused

"Will you divorce her?"

Now Cummings laughed. "No."

"Then what do we do?"

"Get married, boy. She was never married to me. Moira's a widow. And Moira's not her name."

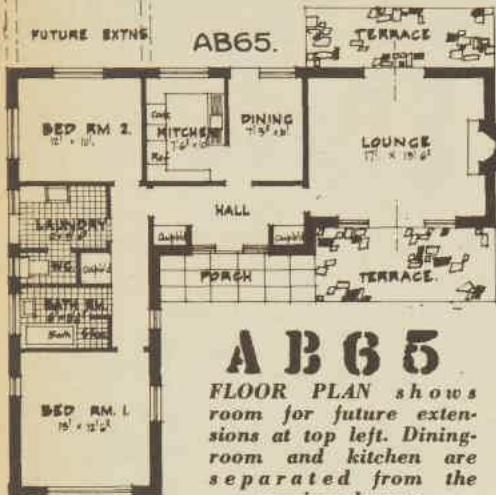
"Then what is her name? What's the mystery? Do you mean you've

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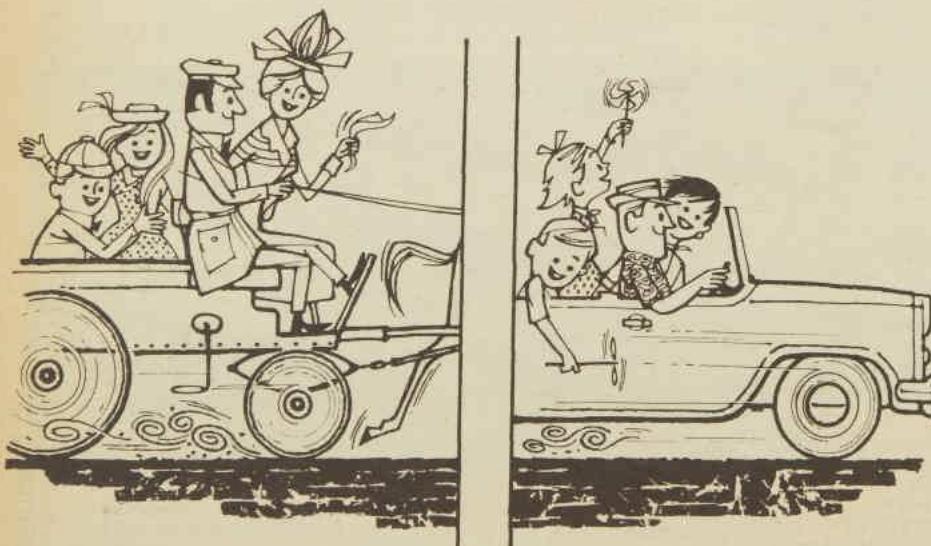
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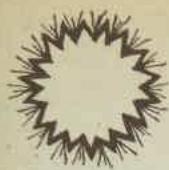
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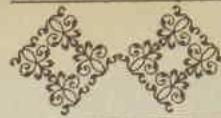


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FEATURES
JOKES
FICTION

16

for all the
family in
Everybody's

Page 48

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I often stand in the greengrocer's shop and think — oh, for somebody to invent a new vegetable! This year, as far as I'm concerned, somebody has, because I've recently discovered two things in the shops — snake beans and courgettes, or zucchini.

SNAKE beans seem to be in at the moment — they're like long bootlaces of bean with no strings and no preparation necessary apart from dumping them in the sink to wash them.

My Italian greengrocer told me to fry them for a few minutes in peanut oil, then add a cup of hot water, put the lid on, and cook them until they were tender.

But just at that time two of the children were recovering from a mild gastric wog that's been going about, so I thought perhaps the frying wasn't a good idea.

Instead, I just put the beans whole into a saucepan, boiled them in salted water until they were tender, drained them, and chopped them up with a lump of butter, some pepper, and half a teaspoon of sugar.

We liked them so much that we've gone on doing it and haven't tried the more traditional frying method yet.

Courgettes, or zucchini, are those tiny little, young, green marrows about the size and shape of a carrot.

You don't have to peel them or take the seeds out; just boil them in salted water until a fork goes into them easily and serve them with a little melted butter poured over them.

Stuffed capsicums

(a change for dinner)

THIS week I also tried a dish I've always shied away from before because it sounded rather messy and fiddly to do — stuffed capsicum.

Actually I found it was quite easy and made a bit of a break from routine.

People talk a lot about the need for variety in food, but when they talk like that they're usually talking from the eaters' point of view.

I often think it's the poor old cook that needs the variety most — don't we all get to the stage where we think: "If I have to grill one more chop or mash one more saucepanful of potatoes I'll go mad!"

If you've got to that stage, spring stuffed capsicum on your family. If you're going to make it the main dish of the meal, you'll need two green capsicums for each person.

Cut round the stalk very carefully with a sharp-pointed knife so that it comes out in a neat circle. Trim off the plug of pith that comes out with it and put the little green cap carefully aside so that you can use it for a lid when the stuffing has been put in.

Next, using a teaspoon, clean the capsicum out, being careful not to break through it, but making sure that you scrape out all the pith and the little white seeds.

Stuff it with raw minced steak to which you've added salt, a finely chopped onion, and a couple of tablespoons of raw dry rice.

Put the capsicum lids back on, choose a saucepan which is just the right size for them so that they pack in upright and don't fall over, tip in a half-pint tin of tomato puree broken down with a little water, bring it to the boil, lid the saucepan and put it on an asbestos mat, and keep them boiling very, very gently for about three to three and a half hours.

They might be even better cooked in a puree made from fresh tomatoes, but I was

in a hurry to get them on, and I found the tinned puree did the job quite well.

When they were cooked I put them on a bed of plain boiled rice and poured the puree over them.

Mike's considered judgment was that they were *Mark One Pig Mash*, which at the moment is his elegant way of describing any food that doesn't meet with his approval; the rest of the family were enthusiastic and voted for capsicums for dinner again before long.

Memories of another century

I'VE been reading a little book called "Over My Shoulder," by Marjorie Beach Telling, which is like a breath of air blowing out of another century.

The author was born in 1883 and now, looking back across her eighty years, she's gathered together all the little bits and snippets that she remembers out of a remarkably sunny and untroubled Victorian childhood in England.

It's a delightful book — but only for those who don't care much about plots and cause and effect and exciting incidents.

Marjorie Beach Telling's father was a country clergyman, but not of the struggling, make-ends-meet, modern variety.

In those more spacious days he had a vast, fortress-like house with many rooms, tons of domestic help, a farm attached to the parsonage, and stables for his horses and his children's ponies.

At times he was also headmaster of a school, and at other times they filled up the extra rooms of the house with boys who came to him in their boarding-school holidays for coaching and country air.

Among his pupils were the three Hales' — sons of the first Bishop of Perth, who, of course, couldn't go home for holidays during their entire schooling — and a boy called Jumbo, whom they all loved, who grew up to be Field-Marshal Henry Maitland Wilson.

She recalls the earliest appearances of steam traction engines on their rough and stony country roads, and the uncle who, when they met with one out riding, called to the little girls: "Throw down your reins, darlings, and prepare to meet your God!"

Years later, when she was growing up, she remembers seeing her first motor-car go by, driven by the son of one of their greatest neighbors.

Proudly upright beside him in the front seat was a golden-haired young woman, while in the back seat was the bearded and mustachioed figure of her young husband — a pair who were later to be Queen Mary and King George V of England.

She comments on the fact that now, when all our food is pasteurised and sterilised and packed, it seems strange to remember that in her young days there seemed nothing incongruous in having a spotlessly clean dairy to house the milk that came from a filthy coward in which neither the cows' udders nor the farmhands' grimy hands were washed before milking.

That reminded me of a great-aunt of mine who never believed in all this modern nonsense and would say to us, cheerfully brushing the dust off something that had fallen butter-side down, "Cheer up, children; every one of us has to eat a pound of dirt before we die."

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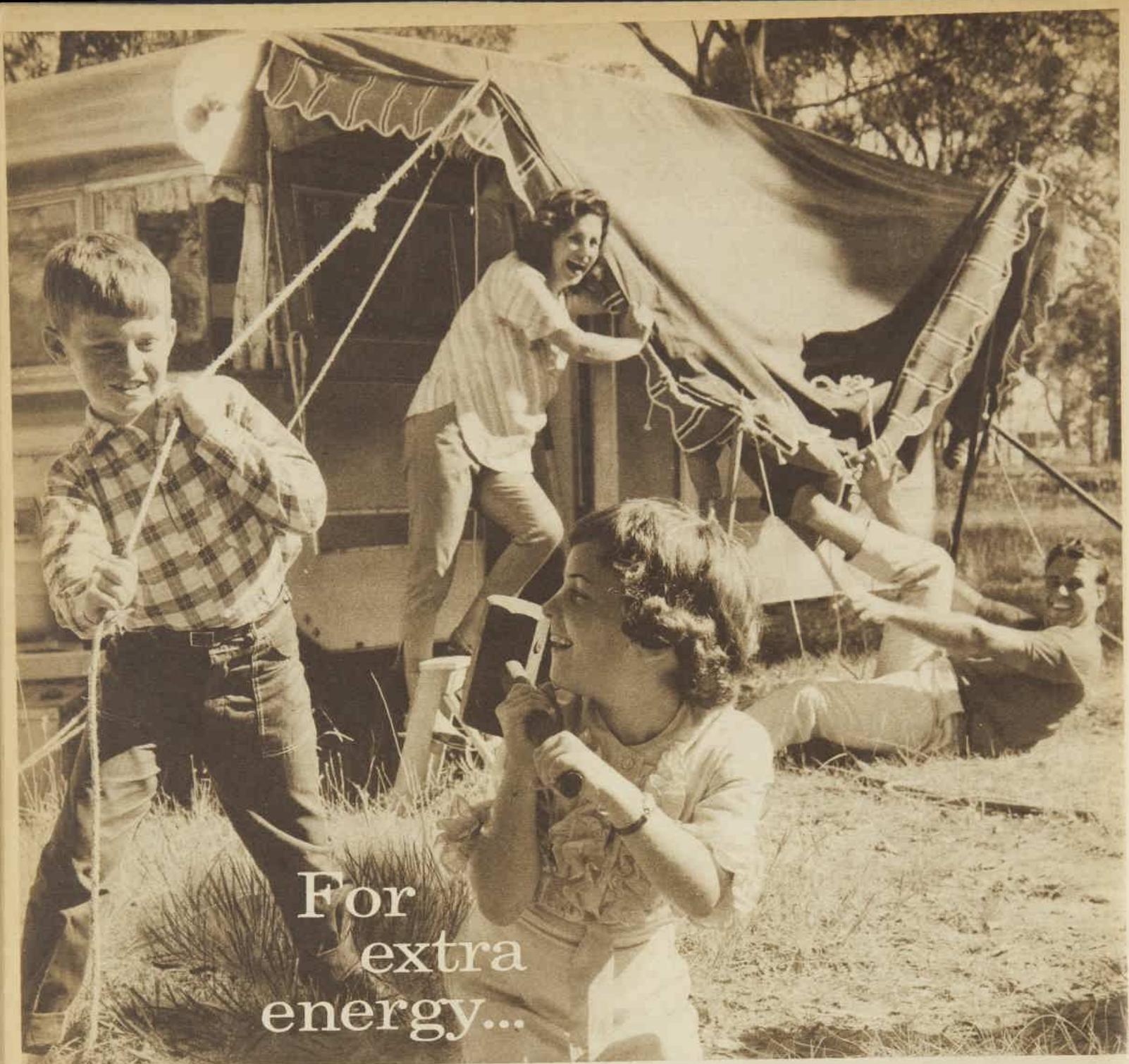
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Rothmans Women's Weekly - March 27, 1963

KP100

Page 49



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Up goes the awning and let's settle in! A hundred miles from home . . . a holiday just starting . . . and a Milo family like this has the energy to make the most of it. MILO tonic-food with milk makes chocolatey malted drinks full of energy fuels. Cold, it's a delicious way to do yourself good (and enjoy it) any time. At bedtime, have it hot. While you're sound asleep, MILO helps replace today's energy, to draw on tomorrow! MILO every day makes a marvellous difference to everyone.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963

All that remained was this one last call. She closed her eyes, smiling faintly. How would she begin? A little surprised, perhaps, as though she'd forgotten that he'd arranged to ring her at all.

"Who is it? Who? Oh, David—how nice to hear from you. How are you?"

"Yes, that wasn't bad. It was the kind of greeting one would get from a not very close friend. Slightly off-hand, polite, but with undertones suggesting that it wasn't all that convenient being disturbed at this particular moment.

What would he say? Well, he'd be surprised, of course, and perhaps a little chilled, but he'd recover fast enough. He would start turning on the charm and he would be apologetic.

"Darling Belle, I'm so sorry I just couldn't get to a phone before. You see, there was this meeting and—"

"David, what are you talking about?" A slightly amused tone in her voice: that was good.

"I promised to call you." He was definitely taken aback.

"Did you? Sorry, it slipped my mind."

Oh the heaven of being able to say that to him! Anabelle waved one foot gently in the air, smiling at it in the firelight. Why on earth hadn't she got round to doing all this before? She relaxed farther back on the cushions. What would he say next? Something like:

"Anabelle, you're being very strange. What's the matter?"

That was her clue to deliver the stunning blow. "David, I'm not quite sure. I feel as though I've had two glasses of champagne, and it's all because of you."

The relief in his voice would be tangible. He would speak, slowly, softly: "That's because you're in love, darling."

She would pause, savoring the moment of the "coup de grace." "Oh, no, David, it's because I've finally come to my senses. I've fallen out of love. Congratulate me."

David wouldn't believe her,

Continuing . . . WORD PERFECT

from page 27

of course. After the first stunned moment he would try to reason with her, but it no longer mattered what he said. Her tone would change from light-hearted banter to reasonable, quiet seriousness. She might even allow herself the luxury of reminding him of a few episodes from the dead past.

"No, David, it doesn't matter what you say. This time I mean it. We're finished. No, please don't interrupt, because there are a few things I think you ought to know. You're charming, intelligent, and good-looking; you are also selfish, insensitive and a bore."

Bore—that was a wonderful word. She must remember that.

Anabelle stubbed out her cigarette and then glanced without interest at the clock. Six forty-seven. The later he rang the more time to sort out her thoughts.

She swung round and looked at the silent telephone. Such an ordinary piece of equipment and yet what an instrument of torture it could become. Not any more.

"I'm finished with both of you," she said. "I'm free."

She got up and went back to stand by the mantelpiece, facing the room this time. This room—how many bitter hours had she spent here—either waiting for David or arguing with him when he had endured for two years.

"You may remember"—she would be icily polite—"that you were supposed to have dinner with me that night. I'd even bought a new dress—silly of me, but that's how I used to feel about you. Then, suddenly, out of the blue, you call my office and say you can't make it. I'm sorry, but it was just once too often."

"Look, Anabelle," David's voice would be strained and thin, "it was the truth. That girl means nothing to me. It's just that her father owns—"

"David, don't you understand—it doesn't matter. I don't mind any more. It's your life, do what you like with it, but don't include me in any of your plans because as from now we're finished."

Then, bit by bit, her confidence had waned. She had lost her complaisance and her peace of mind. She had started querying his excuses, and it was then that the

arguments grew larger and snowballed into quarrels that left her exhausted.

She would tell herself it was all over—to begin with. But as her anger died, hope would take its place and she would start waiting for the phone call that would be like a flag of truce between them.

"Why, David, you never even think up an original excuse. Do you really expect me to believe that the girl I saw you having dinner with two nights ago was someone to do with business? Why don't you tell the truth for

FROM THE BIBLE

• *"Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body."*

—Romans 6:12.

a change, David?"

By now he would know she was serious. He would be growing desperate. Let him. Let him go through for a brief five minutes what she had endured for two years.

"You may remember"—she would be icily polite—"that you were supposed to have dinner with me that night. I'd even bought a new dress—silly of me, but that's how I used to feel about you. Then, suddenly, out of the blue, you call my office and say you can't make it. I'm sorry, but it was just once too often."

"Look, Anabelle," David's voice would be strained and thin, "it was the truth. That girl means nothing to me. It's just that her father owns—"

"David, don't you understand—it doesn't matter. I don't mind any more. It's your life, do what you like with it, but don't include me in any of your plans because as from now we're finished."

"Anabelle!"

He still didn't believe her. In a way she could feel almost sorry for him.

"Goodbye, David, and it's been great fun knowing you."

"Anabelle, don't ring off."

"I must. I'm going out and I'm late as it is. Goodbye."

"Anabelle, Anabelle, darling." He was really worried now. He had realised at last that he'd lost his power over her and he couldn't bear that.

"Goodbye."

Click and it was all over. Anabelle stared down at her hand, seeing that she had put her hand on the telephone without realising it. She smiled, relaxing. Yes, that was how it would be.

Noisily the telephone bell rang under her fingers, making her jump violently. It went on ringing, seeming to send echoes round the still room. Her heartbeats became faster and a faint feeling of wetness came into her palm. She picked up the receiver.

"Hallo, Anabelle?" said David's voice. She couldn't answer. Her mouth was dry and she felt sick. She stared, unseeing, at the little clock. It was 7.02.

"Darling," he said anxiously. "Are you all right? Anabelle?"

"Yes," Anabelle whispered, "I'm here."

"You sound so strange," David said. "Oh, darling, I've been longing to see you. The last two days have crawled by and then I had this dreary conference tonight. I could be round at your place in five minutes. Say yes."

The hands of the clock twitched forward.

"I love you," David said. "I'll be with you before you've time to powder your nose."

The phone went dead. She put it down carefully and then swung round to face the mirror. Her eyes were brilliant, her cheeks flushed. She looked beautiful.

"Oh, David," Anabelle said, shakily.

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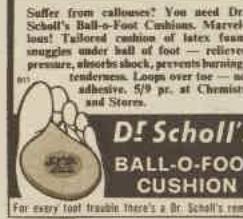
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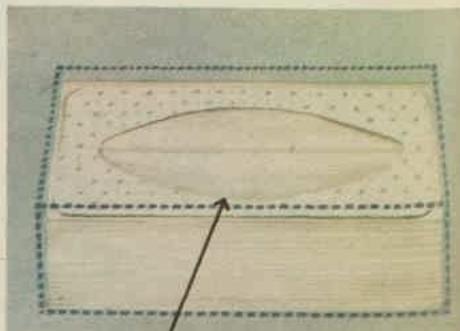
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963

"I know. That's what I'm saying. Out there—wherever it is—flowers are probably dear at this time of year. Over here in late spring they cost nothing. I don't suppose anyone, however stinking rich, intended to send to a servant's funeral the sort of wreath which one expects to see the monarch parking on a war memorial."

Nanny Broome sniffed. "Miss Saxon wasn't a servant, and, if she had been, all the more reason that she should have a nice wreath, even if it did come so late it missed the hearse."

Toberman swung round on his heel and saw Timothy standing in the doorway. He stood for an instant contemplating the scarred face, his eyes wonderfully shrewd and amused, but he made no direct comment.

Instead he returned to the flowers: "Wonderfully wealthy guests we have," he remarked. "This is how the staff is seen off. How does this appeal to the young master?"

It was a casual sneer, obviously one of a long line. There was hatred behind it but of a quiet, chronic type, nothing new or unduly virulent, and he was taken aback by the flicker of amazed incredulity which passed over the younger man's ravaged face. Toberman was disconcerted.

"Come down to the kitchen, Mr. Tim," Nanny Broome said. "I want to talk to you," and as her glance met his own she formed the word 'Julia' with her lips, giving him a clue as she used to do long ago when there was a secret to be told in company and he was a little boy.

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

Despair passed over the young face and he turned away abruptly.

"Not now, Nan," he said, looking at Toberman, who had found the card he had been seeking amid the lilies and was now transcribing its details into a notebook. He was doing it with that offhand effrontery which so often passes unnoticed because people cannot bring themselves to credit their own eyes. When a step on the landing above surprised him, he slid the book into his pocket and patted the covering back into place.

"We were saying how beautiful it is," he remarked blandly as he glanced up the stairwell. Mrs. Geraldine Telpher, the Kinnits' visiting niece, was coming down, moving quietly and smoothly as she did everything else. She was a distinguished-looking woman, pleasantly pale with faded old-gold hair and light blue eyes, who radiated authority and that particular brand of faint austerity which is so often associated with money.

She was wearing a grey jersey suit with considerable elegance, and the way her jacket sat on her shoulders and the trick she had of settling her cuffs straight confirmed her kinship with Eustace and Alison so vividly that the others were made a little uncomfortable. Her method of handling Toberman was also startlingly familiar. She laughed at his antics with a mixture of ruefulness and tolerance as if he were a slightly offensive household pet.

"The smell of the lilies is rather powerful," she said. "The house is full of it upstairs. Is there somewhere

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where the wreath could go, Mrs. Broome? It's a pity it came so late. Perhaps it could be sent to the grave in the morning?"

"I was going to take it myself first thing in a taxi."

"Perhaps so," Mrs. Telpher agreed gravely. "They might not let you take it on a bus, but you could try."

ing to do with reason. The Kinnit trick of making people feel slightly inferior without intending to or noticing that it had been done had never been more clearly demonstrated. Toberman went on chattering in a determined yet deferential way.

"We were thinking that the flowers must have been ordered from abroad by wire," he was saying with a little inquisitive laugh. "The

of Alison Kinnit's own and shook her head, smiling.

"I imagine it must have come from the family she was with before she came to me," she said, making it clear that she was humoring him. "I notified her home and they must have told them. It was the Van der Graffs, I remember. How nice of them. They're good people. You find its size a little ostentatious, do you, Basil?"

"Don't make fun of me," he protested. "I'm just impressed, that's all. I like lavishness. It's rare. By the way that name — Van der Graff — are they anything to do with the Ivory people?"

"I'm afraid I just wouldn't know."

"Ah!" he held up a warning hand to her. "No wicked snobbery. Trade is in fashion. As a matter of fact I was coming to talk to you about that." He turned to Mrs. Broome and lifted the wreath into her arms, all but hiding her.

"Run along with that to the scullery, Broome. I shan't stay here tonight, by the way, because I've got to get the late plane to Nice, but I'll be back tomorrow rather late and I'd like to stay then. The room is ready, I expect, so you won't have to worry about me."

It was a plain dismissal, and Mrs. Broome went, but not defeated.

"Me worry about you?" she said from the doorway. "That'll be the day."

Toberman laughed and returned to Mrs. Telpher. "They used to sack them for that sort of remark," he said. "I suppose you do now. How wonderful. Now look, Geraldine."

dine, my dear, I don't know if this is of any interest to you at all, but I thought I'd mention it. I'm going to Nice tonight to see a little fourth-century bronze which Laguse says is genuine. I've seen a photograph and it's more than promising. I shall just take one look and come home, because if it's real the only man who has both the taste and the money to buy it is in your country, and I've got Philip Zwole flying there on other business and I want to brief him. He'll be overseas for the best part of a month, and he'll spend quite a week in Johannesburg, so if there's anything you'd like him to take or any message you'd like to send by him, well, there he is."

It was a request for introductions, and Timothy, who had moved away, turned back irritably.

"I imagine Geraldine can keep in touch, Basil," he said.

It was a protest and sounded like one, and Toberman received it with a stare of reproachful amazement while Mrs. Telpher looked at Timothy and laughed a polite rejection of the whole subject.

"Don't be damn silly," Basil exploded, turning on the other man. "Geraldine has just had her Miss Saxon die in a strange country. Presumably the woman had some things which ought to be taken to her home. I was merely offering a service. What other reason could I possibly have?"

"None," intervened Mrs. Telpher with all the Kinnit tolerance in her quiet voice. "I do appreciate it. It really is most kind."

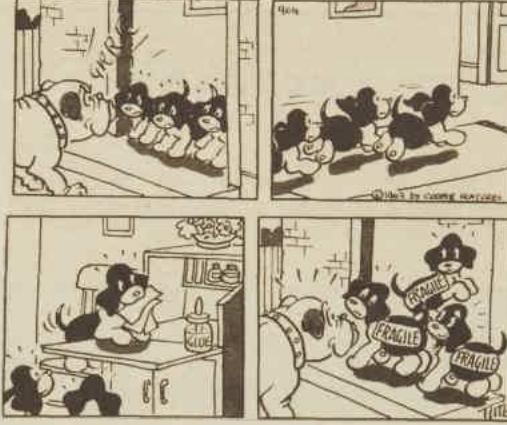
"Well, then," he said, "when I come in tomorrow evening I'll collect anything you want to send and give it to Zwole when I see him in the morning. I can understand you being windy about

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Anyway, it's very good of you, and I'm sure she would have appreciated it. She had taken a great fancy to you, hadn't she?"

"Well I should think so, she talked enough to me!" Nanny Broome was "giving back as good as she had got" in an instinctive self-preservation fashion which had nothing

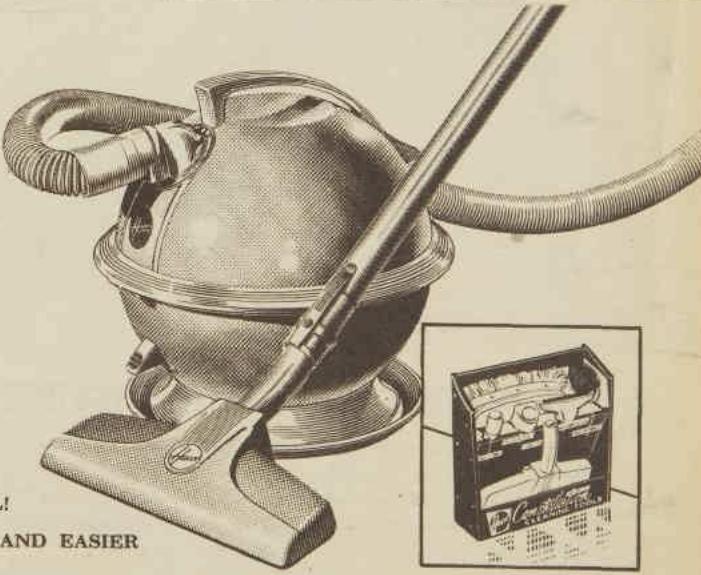
whole wreath is very lush — very grand. The card only says 'Love dear from Elsa,' but there's a box number which suggests either a P.O. box address, as in South Africa, or a florist's reference."

Geraldine Telpher favored him with a wide-eyed stare which might have been one

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the poor old thing's family, Tim. You actually knocked her over, didn't you?"

Mrs. Telpher intervened.

"Tell me about the bronze," she said.

"Why? Are you interested?" His sudden eagerness made her smile. "I might be," she conceded.

Timothy left them and went upstairs to the sitting-room, whose lighted windows he had seen from the street. It was a civilised, lived-in room, part panelled and part book-lined.

Miss Alison Kinnit and her friend Miss Aicheson were sitting where they always did, Alison on one of the angular couches with her feet tucked up beside her and Flavia in a big rounded armchair on the opposite side of the hearth.

Alison's pallor and fragility were remarkable. Her skin was almost

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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translucent without being actually unhealthy, and her bones were as slender as a bird's. She had always had an interesting face, but had never been beautiful, and now there was something a little frightening in the grey-eyed intelligence with which she confronted the world. Miss Flavia, on the other hand, was a more familiar type. She was one of those heavy, ugly women with kind faces. She was older than Alison — sixty, perhaps — quiet eyed, amused, and not utterly intolerant.

It was obvious that they had been talking about Timothy; not because they seemed guilty when he came in but because they were so

interested and so clear about who he was and what was happening to him. Miss Flavia now turned slowly in her chair and looked at Tim through her glasses.

"Certainly battle-scarred, but I hope not woe-begone," she said. "What does the other fellow look like? Come and sit down and tell us all about it. Shall I get him a drink, Alison?"

"Would you like one, dear?" Alison nodded at him, screwing up her face with mimic pain at the damage to his face. "We won't. But it's there in the cupboard if you'd like it. Mrs. Broome told us you'd

been in the wars. Where have you been? You look awfully distract."

"Down to Ebbfield again," he said as casually as he could as he seated himself on the edge of a round ottoman. "I saw a man called Councillor Cornish; he seemed to think that you or Aich must have sent me."

"I don't recall it." Miss Aicheson's nice eyes regarded him innocently. "Yet the name is familiar. Is he an Ebbfield councillor?"

"I imagine so. He's responsible for building a block of flats."

"Of course. The Skyline Committee, Alison. He's the poor wretched man with the dreadful temper. I remember." Miss Flavia

was delighted. Her charitableness had never been more marked. "I can imagine him remembering me, but I can't think why he should suppose I should have sent you to him. People with chips on their shoulders do get wild ideas, of course. Well, did he help you? What did you ask him?"

Timothy appeared to be wondering and Alison, mistaking his reaction, intervened tactfully.

"Aich is on top of the world. She's had a letter from the Minister."

"The Minister of Housing? Is this the Ebbfield business?"

Alison's laugh silenced him.

"Oh, no, my dear, Ebbfield is very small beer. This is the Plan for Trafalgar Square."

Miss Aicheson made a happy succession of little grunting noises. "Ra-there a different caper?" she announced with satisfaction. "I expect the over-earnest little men will get their way at Ebbfield, and it can't be helped because that part of London is spoiled already. One just does what one can in a case like that and doesn't break one's heart if one fails."

"Cornish didn't strike me as being a little man." Tim appeared astonished at his own vehemence and Alison turned her wide grey eyes upon him, surprised also.

Flavia Aicheson waved the protest away with a large masculine hand. "Very likely not," she agreed. "I can't visualise him at all. I only remember how angry he was and how nearly rude, so that all the rest of the conference was on edge with embarrassment. He was over-earnest, though, wasn't he? These dear chaps remember some pictures from their childhood, some little injustice or ugliness, and let it grow into a great emotional boil, far, far more painful than the original wound . . . Don't let them influence you, dear boy."

SHE and Alison exchanged glances and suddenly became utterly embarrassed themselves.

"This inquiry into your birth is a very difficult and awkward experience for you, Timothy, and Alison and I both feel (although, of course, we haven't been discussing you, don't think that!) the real danger is of you losing your sense of proportion and swinging violently either one way or the other. Left or Right."

"That's all right, Aich," he said kindly. "I shan't go Red or Fascist."

The two ladies sighed with relief. "Of course, you won't." Miss Flavia said heartily. "You're far too sensible."

Eustace Kinnit was the author of many books and pamphlets on various aspects of the china collector's art, as well as being an enthusiastic correspondent on the subject. The small study where he did his endless writing was at the far end of the gallery which ran round the staircase-well on the same floor as the sitting-room.

There was a gliver of light under the door as Timothy approached after leaving Miss Alison and her friend, and he stood outside for a moment, hesitating, with an anxious expression in his eyes which was new there. Presently he walked in more abruptly than he would have done at any other time in his life.

Eustace was sitting at his desk in a bright circle of light from the shaded lamp, his pen squeaking softly as it ran swiftly over the page. Timothy, who had seen him in exactly the same position so often and who loved him so well that he had, as it were, never seen him at all, observed him objectively for the first time.

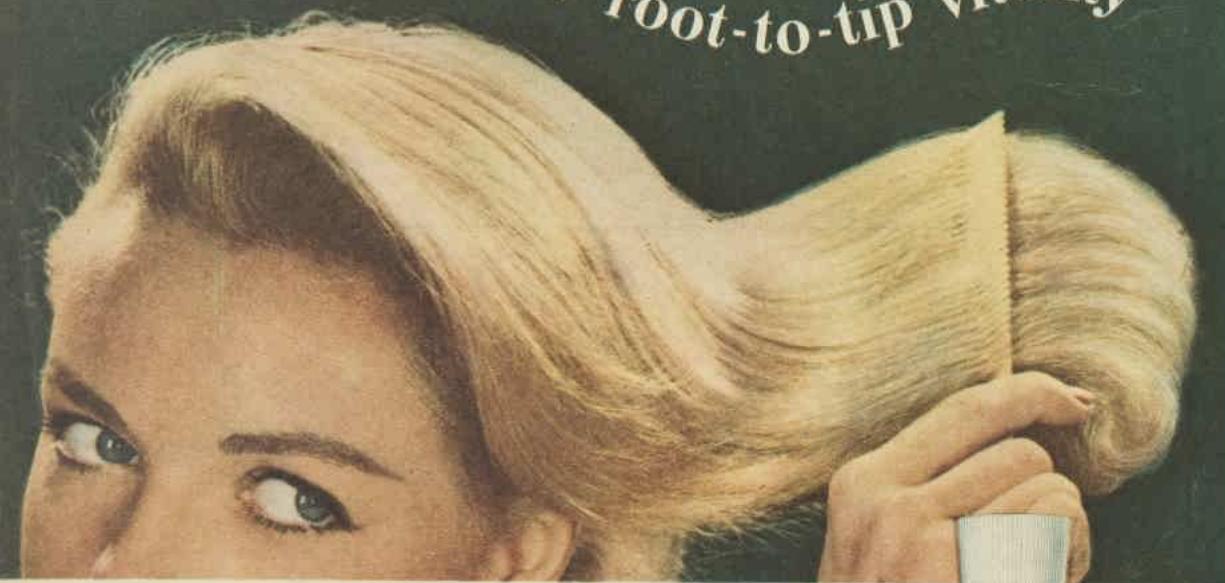
He was a spare, tidy man of sixty or so with a sharp white beard and a sweep of white hair above a fine forehead. His eyes were like his sister's, but more blue and infinitely more kindly, and the lines at their sides radiated in a quarter circle. He took no notice of the newcomer until he had finished his paragraph, putting in the final stop with care. Then he put down his pen, lifted his head, and removed his spectacles.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1966

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"Hello," he said happily. "There you are. It went off very well. Nothing too barbaric, but respectably splendid and decent, I think she was pleased."

"The funeral?"

"Eh? Oh my goodness yes! What did you think? I meant Geraldine, too. There's no way of telling what the other poor woman felt about it!" His laugh was schoolboyish and charming. "Are you all right? I can't see you very well over there. Turn the light on, will you? Good heavens, boy! What have you done?"

"It's nothing," Tim protested, shying away. "Only a scratch or two."

"Not a road accident?" Eustace was speaking of something he was always dreading, and fear flared in his voice embarrassingly.

"No, of course not. I merely got a hiding from one of those damn detectives of yours. What on earth made you pick them, or was it Alison?"

"The Stalkies? I heard something of the sort from the women." Eustace opened his eyes very wide. "I can't believe it. But you shouldn't make sweeping statements like that. If you attacked the man I suppose he defended himself. They're a very old-established firm and excellent people, or we shouldn't have employed them for the second time. Even so, I don't know if it was wise. We're only trying to help you, Tim, you know that."

It was a transparent mixture of prejudice, obstinacy, and genuine dismay, and so like him that the young man could have wept.

RIVETS



"Oh scrub it!" he exploded, and suddenly blurted out the one bald question that he had made up his mind never to ask outright.

"Uncle, had no one really any idea whatever where I came from?"

"But I told you," Eustace said earnestly. "I told you, Tim. I confessed it." The young man watched him helplessly. There was no hope that he was lying. The chill truth shone from him as only truth does. "It was absurd and unrealistic of me, perhaps," he went on, betraying that he was still not entirely convinced of the fact. "I can see something of that now, but then . . . My goodness! What a time that was! The world was cracking up all round us, you see. I thought I'd provide for you as long as I could, you know, and there was that thwarted, childless woman so delighted to be able to mother you. I felt I did right afterwards because Alison and I both became fond of you. I've said I'm sorry, Tim."

"Don't . . ." the boy put out his hand. "I'm not ungrateful, you know that. It's only that — I mean, you are absolutely dead sure that can't possibly be a Kinnit?"

"How could you be?" Eustace inquired.

The utter reasonlessness of the question struck Tim with the impact of a pail of cold water. The tattered shreds of his romantic swaddling-clothes were washed away, and he stood quivering and ashamed of himself for ever clinging to them. It was a moment of enormous danger which anyone in Eustace's position

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who had a reasonable degree of emotional imagination or experience must have found terrifying, but his protection was almost complete. He reacted in his own way and changed the subject.

"I'm getting on," he announced, nodding at the written page. "But it's not easy. There's very little data about Chandler's first factory at Bristol. Oh, well, it must wait for the moment. I'm very glad you came in, Tim. I wanted to have a word with you about poor Basil. He drinks these days, doesn't he?"

The young man stood looking at him. In his eyes was the half-horrified, half-amused expression with which so many people meet

the solution of a lifelong enigma. Eustace the father-figure had turned into Eustace the dear old fusspot."

"Basil? Oh, he takes his noggin," Timothy said. "It's not serious."

"Ah, but I understand it makes him talk. Alison came in here an hour ago," he said. "She'd been talking to Nanny Broome — that woman is only up here for a few days and we learn things about each other of which we've been happily ignorant for years! I don't take her too seriously, but one thing she is, reported to have said worries me very much."

He lowered his voice to a confidential murmur. "Have you heard an extraordinary story about Basil actually saying — when drunk, of course — that you had been rough with that poor old woman who died here?"

"I heard something of the sort."

"Tim. It's not true?"

"Of course not! Don't be silly, Nunk." The old endearment from his childhood slipped out without his noticing. "Even if no one has faced this birth business until now you can't suddenly decide you don't know me at all! Miss Saxon happened to be listening outside the kitchen door when I pulled it open. She fell into the room and on to the stones. Nan and I picked her

up and dusted her down and she went off quite happy, but afterwards she told Geraldine that I had shaken her."

"It could be most damaging. He's got to be stopped at once. Where is the silly fellow?"

"He's in the house. He's flying to Nice in the dawn and coming back here to sleep tomorrow night. Don't bother with him. He does chatter and nobody takes any notice of him. Really it doesn't matter."

"You're wrong. She's dead, you see. It makes it very awkward. Very dangerous. I'll speak to him. Don't say anything. It's my responsibility. He must give up alcohol if he can't trust his tongue."

The younger man turned away wearily. "I don't care a damn what he says!"

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"That's nothing to do with it, my boy. Don't you see? I gave Dr. Gross my word that there could be no possible need for a post-mortem. I pointed out that he had attended her, so he was behaving quite properly in giving a certificate if he was certain nothing abnormal had occurred, and I took it on myself to guarantee that nothing had. After a certain amount of humming and ha-ha-ing he agreed.

"Why did you go to all that trouble? Because Geraldine is so rich?"

Eustace looked hurt. "Tim, that was a sneer!" He shook his head and added with disarming frankness, "I don't know why one does go out of one's way to oblige money. It's a funny thing and very wrong, but everybody does it. Yet, you know, it wasn't quite that. I think I wanted to save us all embarrassment. Geraldine has trouble enough on her hands with that poor child in hospital."

He paused, and alarm appeared in his kindly eyes again.

"Basil must hold his tongue, though. What a stupid man he is! It could be particularly awkward, since the woman was a governess. I noticed that at once."

"On the principle that the Kinnit family is governess prone?"

"Don't be a fool, my boy! Use your imagination. Nothing colors a new scandal like an old crime story. In the last century the Kinnits were involved in a coroner's inquest and a trial which concerned a governess, Thyra Caleb. The name is not forgotten after a hundred years. It would certainly cause comment if we appeared in a new one now which also concerned a governess. It's obvious."

"That was why I wrote the announcement for the newspapers myself. I was very careful not to let the name Kinnit appear. 'Kinnit' and 'governess' are not good words together. We live in an age of mischievous publicity; it's stupid to ignore the fact. Basil must stop drinking and be quiet. I'll see to it myself." He sat down at the desk again and took up his pen. "You go and have a good sleep," he said. "You're not like yourself tonight." Tim turned to the door.

"I'm not like anybody, that's the trouble," he said.

Timothy went out into the passage again and walked round the staircase-well to the other side of the house. The door of the sitting-room was closed, but he heard Tobe rman's unmistakable laugh, and Miss Aicheson's high hollow voice as he passed it.

His own room possessed a staircase of its own which ran up from the end of the right wing where Eustace, Alison, and any guest staying the night had bed and bathroom. It had always been his room, and as a child he had been thrilled by the sense of importance and security which the staircase gave him. One entered it through a small door which one could pretend was secret, and the stair wound up in a full half-turn to the big low room with the uneven oak floor and the tiny washroom and shower built in an oversized

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

lost, flickering to show that she was alive.

Timothy stood looking a moment, and then made as if to turn away from her, his face working, and she sat up. Then without speaking she suddenly began to cry.

"Be quiet! Listen and try to understand. I've just been involved in a sort of birth. It has been happening to me all day. I feel that until today I've been in a . . . an eggshell. But all through today I've been breaking out of it. Everything I've ever taken for granted has come apart in my hand. Do you know that

me out. I shan't change. I can't change. I love you. I'm all love."

"How do I know?" He was pulling back from her in terror. It was the last question of all.

There was a long silence and then she sat up, suddenly the stronger of the two. "Well," she said with the courage of certainty, "if the rest of the world has changed for you, have I? Look and see. Love isn't love if it alteration finds. That's how you know, I thought."

It was a gesture of curious generosity. Its blessing flowed over him cool and comforting. He sat down on the bed and held her hands and looked at her and she met his eyes and presently they began to laugh.

They were so engrossed that the clatter of the staircase door and the flying footsteps took a second or so to break through to them, and Basil Toberman was already on the threshold when they first became aware of anything but each other.

For some moments he stood just inside the room, staring like a scandalized frog.

"Do you know the police are downstairs?" he demanded, fixing his pop-eyed stare on Timothy alone. "They want you to go to Holborn headquarters with them. Apparently the office of the Stalkey Bros. has gone up in flames. Four brigades. They don't know if they're going to revive the nightwatchman. You'd better come down pretty pronto if you don't want them trooping up here. In my opinion, for what it's worth, they've got 'arson' written all over them."

He turned to Julia, truculent and offensive. "This young fool is in plenty of trouble as it is," he said. "I should sneak out the back way and slide quietly home if I were you. I've got to dash off and catch a plane or I'd offer to take you. Meanwhile, I shall hold my tongue until I get back. So make the most of it, my dear. Come down and placate these chaps, Tim. Never say I didn't mean well."

SUPERINTENDENT CHARLES LUKE at breakfast in his own home was something to see, Mr. Campion reflected as he sat opposite him in the kitchen of his mother's house in Linden Lea, one of the newest north-west suburbs. In this setting Luke appeared larger and more lithe, darker and more vital even than usual.

"I'm glad you came along," he said, his eyebrows rising even higher than usual. "The office is like any other Government Department — not an ideal place to be seen taking an unofficial interest in an old friend's private griefs. Here we can say what we like and no harm done. Even Mum is out of earshot."

Mr. Campion glanced behind him. "I wondered about that," he said anxiously. "I hope I'm not keeping her out of here."

"Don't worry. She's attending to the baby. That young woman is saving my life mopping up some of Mum's energy." He reached for a piece of toast and attacked it, including his guest in the campaign with a gesture. "Well now, as soon as you phoned I got on to Inspector Hodge, who is my assistant on nights this week. Thank you for leaving it till six a.m., by the way. The young woman was not so considerate, I have no doubt?"

"But I'm here. Don't shut

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"Not now, Nan!" The words came out more savagely than he meant, and she responded in her own particular fashion. Her eyes flashed and her lips hardened. "Oh, well, then, you must find it out for yourself, and I shan't take the blame!" she said tartly. "I'm sorry I wasted my time waiting for you."

He left her without speaking, shut the door of the staircase carefully behind him, turned on the switch which lit the bedroom above and ran up to it, to come to a sudden halt on the threshold. Someone was there, lying on the bed, the shadows of the high footboard hiding her face. He knew who it was before he went over and looked down.

Julia was lying on her back, her hands behind her head, her eyes wide open, and very dark. There was no expression whatever on her face, and he got the impression that she was not breathing. She watched him silently, only her grave eyes, dark with exhaustion from the emotional struggle she had

"No. She telephoned at one in the morning."

"Does she believe her Timothy could have done it?"

Mr. Campion sighed and his eyes were carefully expressionless behind his spectacles. "I don't quite know what has happened yet. All I've been told is that the young man was taken to the Thurstable Inn station where he is said to be 'helping the police' in their investigation."

"Ah." Luke was satisfied. "I've got a bit more and the rest will come in in a minute. When I sang, Hodge had only got the preliminary. So far it's the simplest case of arson I've ever heard of, if without frills. You were at the place yesterday, I believe? I hear there's an ordinary, old-fashioned street-door with a letterbox hole in the middle. The typical square job with an iron surround and a flap, but no actual box. The mail falls straight on to the mat as did in Grandpa's day. Is that right?"

"I couldn't tell you. The doors always open during office hours, and imagine the postman comes right in."

"Very likely." Luke dismissed the point as unimportant. "Anyways, it's a mean entrance. Bare boards and peeling paint and a short flight of wooden stairs leading to the main staircase just inside. It's an old building which has undergone several conversions in its time. I might so far?"

"Yes, I think so. My impression always been that it was a bit sketchy, you know. Dark and overall of the eternal grained panelling, horribly inflammable, I should think. Where did the fire start?"

LUKE nodded. That's it. Just inside the front door, someone merely posted three four packets of household firelighters of the ordinary paraffinax type, the final one of which was lit. The stairwell acted as a draught under the door, and the caretaker in the basement and he'd got five floors of blazing falling over his head before he noticed the smell. The door burned to the end but not immediately and there was enough evidence to point to the firelighters. Actually, an empty carton was found in the ed."

"When was this?" Mr. Campion was listening in horror.

"Last night. The alarm went out eight-thirty-four and the street would have been closed around then. That's as near as they'd got when Hodge rang. The caretaker in no condition to talk, but if followed his normal routine he could have toured the building and wouldn't have gone down to the basement, where he was found half-frozen, until just before seven. It's too early to say how long a time that would take to get hold of it, but I should say at your lady client's young man must have spent the night telling boys at the Thurstable Inn station just exactly where he was between seven and eight-thirty."

The thin man hesitated. "He was with us in Bottle Street until just a quarter to seven, I suppose," said slowly.

"Fair enough." Luke glanced at the note which he had propped up against a packet of cornflakes beside his plate.

"Some bright young constable to know him seems to have leapt forward with the information that saw him coming home in a bad condition" to that house of Kinnits in Scribbensfields at approximately eight-twenty. He must have been somewhere."

Mr. Campion did not speak. He was looking into his coffee cup until Superintendent laughed.

"What does the crystal ball say?"

"Not enough!" Campion set the cup and smiled at his old friend.

"I suppose we have to thank the Kinnit brothers for the promptness of police action?" he murmured.

"That doesn't surprise me, does it?" Luke leaned back in his chair, and produced a packet of cigarettes from his coat pocket.

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"Look here," he said without looking up. "I've got complete faith in your judgment and I like the girl, but are you quite sure we're on the right horse in this business?"

Mr. Campion's pale eyes flickered wide open. "It's not a doubt which had occurred to me," he said frankly. "Why?"

"There's a sort of awful similarity between this arson story and the original bit of bother out at Elbfield. Both crimes have a frightening streak of modern efficiency in mischief about them. I shouldn't like to explain what I mean in court. It's not evidence at all, but if you'd seen the damage done to that flat you'd know what

I mean. There's something young and elemental and damn bad in both crimes."

"I understood Timothy Kinnit had a very good alibi for the Elbfield affair," Mr. Campion objected gently. "And frankly I don't see your argument. According to Julia he's mad keen to know who he is."

"Ah, that is what he says," Luke objected patiently. "That's his story. But it's a new one, isn't it? He's lived over twenty years and he's never tried to find out before, has he? It's the proposed marriage which has set this hare running, don't forget that. As soon as the

marriage appears on the horizon—before even the girl's father pops up with his little query—the Kinnits get busy because they know they're going to be asked the awkward question. Detectives are employed, the whole family becomes excited, and suddenly the boy makes a move. He does something about it. He makes a secret, rather silly but dramatic action to discourage the searchers."

"Why?" Mr. Campion demanded. "Why do you suppose this? An intelligent educated boy with a good record, good at sport, every future prospect excellent! Why should he suddenly start behaving like a lunatic thug?"

"You're a dear chap, Campion," he said. "I like you and I like your approach. It makes me feel I'm riding in a Rolls, but sometimes I wonder if you're not a bit too nice, if you see what I mean. Look at it from my point of view. Here is a boy—not a specially bred one, conditioned over the generations to withstand a bit of cosseting like a prize dog—but an ordinary tough boy same like I was, packed with his full complement of pride and passion, and he's brought up to believe quite falsely that he's inherited the blessed earth. Money, position, background, servants, prospects. He's got the lot handed to him on a plate all for being his handsome self. He makes an effort and he's successful as well."

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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"Finally he gets the girl he's set his heart on. She's an heiress, a beauty, and a social cop. For a dizzy fortnight or so he is the topmost, the kingpin, the biggest orange on the whole barrow! And then, at that very moment, what happens? A ruddy great doubt as big as a house crops up. Security vanishes and there's a hole at his feet. The people he has known all his life as the cornerstone of his existence suddenly start employing private detectives to go and find out who he is, he himself, the sacred one-and-only, who he is?" Blimey. Couldn't that send him bonkers? Couldn't it?"

"I see what you suggest," said Mr. Campion. "I do, indeed."

Luke laughed. "I could be wrong," he said. "The kid could be exceptional and tough enough to take the treatment. But also I could be right. It's delicate going. One doesn't know where one is. My advice is play it cautiously, and I'm glad we had a chat out here."

The telephone bell from the shelf behind him cut short his warning and he took the call eagerly. The voice at the other end was a steady rumble and Mr. Campion waited, his fingers drumming absently on the brightly printed cloth. When Luke hung up his face was shadowed.

Hodge has had a word with the D.D.I. and has been at the Thurstable Inn station all night," he announced. "The information is that the lad won't talk at all, so that's not very promising. He says he was at Ebbfield during the relevant period but won't say why or who he saw there. He merely describes the borough, which is damn silly considering Ron Stalkey had already found him there in the morning. I don't know what he's playing at."

Mr. Campion hesitated. "He may be just growing very angry," he ventured.

"Whatever he's growing it's trouble!" said Luke dryly. "He's asking for it and the Kinnits are behaving like lunatics. One always finds it with these well-off eggheads. The moment life touches them on the skin they panic and start plaguing absolutely any eminent bird they happen to know personally to 'pull strings'!" He pushed his chair back noisily from the table and stood up.

Hodge says that among others Eustace Kinnit has telephoned the president of the London and Home Counties National Bank and the Keeper of the Speight Museum of Classic Antiquities in his attempt to find someone of influence to help him get the lad released. Neither of them is at much use as my poor old Auntie Glad, and just about as unlikely! The kindest thing you can do, Campion, is to go down there right away and tell them gently to stop being so silly antagonising the police!" He paused in full flight. "Oh, and by the way, in the middle of all this a thought occurred to me. How did she know?"

"Who?"

The young woman. The police didn't get round to the Well House after him until close on midnight, as they wouldn't let him do any telephoning. Yet by one she'd got on to you? How come? I thought there was supposed to be no liaison there on her father's orders."

Mr. Campion appeared interested. "Odd," he said. "But, yes, of course, the nurse. Don't forget the nurse, the ubiquitous Mrs. Broome."

"Ah, very likely." Luke was satisfied. "She keeps on cropping up, that woman."

"That's her way," Mr. Campion got up as he spoke, ready to leave. "I must apologise for my dubious chums. Thank you for the breakfast, Charles, and all the good counsel."

As soon as he was well out of the district he stopped the car at a kiosk and called Julia.

She answered at once, which told him that she had been waiting at the telephone, and her reaction to his cautious précis of the news to date was swift and practical.

"I think we ought to see the family at once," she said. "I'll meet you at Scribennicks in twenty minutes."

"Very well. But are you going to find that embarrassing? I mean — I thought there was a certain amount of pressure to keep you apart."

"Oh, I'm past all that." The tired young voice pulled him up and reminded him of the bright, sharp world of his teens in which all colors were vivid and pain was always acute.

"Of course," he said. "I'm sorry. I'll be there."

WITH a little manoeuvring they contrived to meet on the doorstep, which now, in midmorning, was in a boiling stream of passers-by, hurrying business people speeding past in a flurry of fumes and dust in the bright haze. Any apprehension which Campion might have felt about their welcome was dispelled by Eustace, who opened the door to him himself. After his first blank stare of non-recognition, his face lit up like a delighted child's.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed unexpectedly. "Just the two minds we want on the problem. This is wonderful. We're all up in the sitting-room putting our heads together."

He led them to the big room with the pink upholstery and the garden of cacti on the hearth. Alison and Mrs. Telpher, the family likeness less acute now that they were together, were talking to a round middle-aged man who wore careful clothes and possessed the solicitor's occupational expression of slight incredulity.

He turned as they appeared and regarded them doubtfully as Eustace made the introductions.

"And this is Mr. Woodfall," Eustace said. "He has looked after our affairs for years, but not, I'm afraid, in this sort of caper. We're having a little difficulty, Campion. Tim won't ask for a legal representative to be present and Woodfall can't very well force himself on the police, he tells me."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

Meanwhile, Alison turned from the open bureau where she had paused in her restless wandering. "I don't know what's the matter with the boy. It's so unlike him to be awkward. You've never found him awkward, have you, Julia?"

The query focused everyone's attention on the girl, and everybody noticed at the same moment how angry she was. "I think he may be in a very excited condition," she said huskily. "After all, he's had rather a lot to put up with."

"I suppose he has." It was Mrs. Telpher speaking from her seat in the corner of the long couch. She was an oasis of calm in the room, sitting there in her quiet clothes, aloof and elegant. "I don't really know him, of course, and he's not terribly like the rest of the family, naturally. Much more dominant in many ways." She smiled kindly at Julia. "A man of action. It stands out, you know. But I don't think he'd do anything capricious, would he? He must feel he can manage on his own. Am I right?" She glanced at Eustace, who nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Very good, Geraldine. Dominant. That is the word. I don't see why he's being kept there, though."

Mr. Campion drifted toward Mr. Woodfall, who moved back a little.

"The Stalkey brothers are being very explicit, I suppose?" Campion murmured.

"It was I who persuaded Mr. Woodfall to let us employ the Stalkies again," Alison remarked. "In fact, I suppose I started the whole wretched business. Eustace was all for letting sleeping dogs lie, and now I realise he may have been right, but I expected that we should have an inquiry from Julia's father and I thought we ought to be ready for it to save embarrassment. I had no idea that old Mr. Stalkey had died, and the sons would prove to be so inferior. My recollection of the old man was that he was rather kind and not really too intelligent."

"I assure you they are very reliable people." If Mr. Woodfall had requested her in so many words to cease being indiscreet he could hardly have made his meaning more clear. He took a fine antique watch from his waistcoat and consulted it and directed a brief smile at the whole company. "I must go," he said. "If the young man should decide to change his mind and answer perfectly proper police questions, don't hesitate to call on me and I shall do the best I can."

"You're behaving as if you think he did it!" Julia said.

"Not I, young lady," he said. "You don't, either, I hope?"

"No, I know he didn't."

"Ah. Was he with you?" He pounced on the idea hopefully, but relapsed into gloom

again when she shook her head.

"I just know he couldn't have done anything so silly."

"You're very lucky to be able to speak with such conviction for any man." He laughed as he spoke, not unkindly but with that little edge of superiority which is cynicism's only privilege, and returned to Alison. "I must go."

"Must you? I thought you were staying to lunch." Nevertheless, she moved to the door with him as she spoke, and his laughing protest floated back to them from the passage.

THEN Alison came hurrying back into the room and looked at Julia.

"Now, my dear, can I tempt you to some lunch?"

The girl looked at her with flickering disbelief.

"No," she said firmly. "Thank you very much, but aren't we going to do something about Tim?"

"I agree." Alison was jotting down the luncheon order as she spoke. "But, of course, there are two schools of thought about whether one should interfere, even if one knew quite how. Eustace found the police most uncooperative when he went down there last night. And then one doesn't know what Tim's own attitude is. At the moment we're relying on Flavia Aicheson. She's gone down to see the Ebbfield councillor."

Mr. Campion heard the news with dismay. "I don't think the police react very favorably to high-powered pressure from outside," he began hesitantly.

"I know! And it's not easy to get it, either!" Alison's grey eyes met his own. "People want to help one, but they don't feel they ought to. The councillor, whose name is Cornish, was quite abrupt with poor Aich this morning when she telephoned him. They're old enemies and Aich took a risk in approaching him, but she regards Tim as a nephew and just put her pride in her pocket and went ahead. When Mr. Cornish said he wouldn't go to the Thurstable Inn station to speak for the boy she just hung up the receiver and went down to fetch him."

"But why?" Julia exploded. "Why upset the police by getting hold of someone who doesn't even want to worry them?"

"Of course," Alison said kindly. "You don't know, but Tim went to Ebbfield yesterday and saw this man. He happened to mention it when he came in. We're naturally hoping that they were together at the important time. The only awkward thing seems to be that the boy didn't make it clear to Mr. Cornish why he had called on him, and so when this query came up the man im-

AS I READ

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 20

ARIES

MAR. 21—APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 3.

* Gambling colors, mauve, tan.

* Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.

* On the 21st there could be a parting. Not a good day for love or luck. March 20 is fortunate. March 26 favors romance and speculation. Be up and doing.

* Don't make important career plans on March 21. Your ruling star is under a cloud. Rest of the week excellent for romance, finance, and the lottery, especially 25th and 26th.

* Don't make important career plans on March 21. Your ruling star is under a cloud. Rest of the week excellent for romance, finance, and the lottery, especially 25th and 26th.

TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 3.

* Gambling colors, purple, blue.

* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

* Don't make important career plans on March 21. Your ruling star is under a cloud. Rest of the week excellent for romance, finance, and the lottery, especially 25th and 26th.

* You may be subject to mental depression on March 21, so avoid Jonahs and associate with cheerful people. March 25 and 26 success in ambition and romance.

GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 3.

* Gambling colors, spots, green.

* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* A successful week for romance with more romantic stars around the corner. Be cautious March 21; success on all fronts is assured from then on, particularly on the 25th.

CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 7.

* Gambling colors, green, red.

* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

* A successful week for romance with more romantic stars around the corner. Be cautious March 21; success on all fronts is assured from then on, particularly on the 25th.

LEO

JULY 23—AUG. 22

* Lucky number this week, 1.

* Gambling colors, tan, mauve.

* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

* All your affairs should take a spurt forward. There is lots to do but use caution on the 21st. Success in all fields for the rest of the week.

VIRGO

AUG. 23—SEPT. 22

* Lucky number this week, 3.

* Gambling colors, black, grey.

* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

* Thursday adverse for love, courtship, romance, and finance. However, you have a run of good stars until April 18. March 23 and 26 favor all matters—two very lucky days.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23—OCT. 22

* Lucky number this week, 5.

* Gambling colors, blue, black.

* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

* The stars smile on love and romance, luck and lottery. Fortune week is marred by adverse influences on the 21st. There may be an emotional setback.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23—DEC. 20

* Lucky number this week, 2.

* Gambling colors, blue, red.

* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

* Keep on the ball; this could be an outstandingly successful week. Be cautious on the 21st. Monday is a lucky day. Your ruling star promises success for some time to come.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 21—JAN. 19

* Lucky number this week, 3.

* Gambling colors, pink, mauve.

* Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

* The stars assist the hard-working Capricornian, except the 21st, which is adverse for finance, romance, and luck. March 23 and 26 are the highlights of the week.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20—FEB. 19

* Lucky number this week, 3.

* Gambling colors, mauve, blue.

* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

* March 21 is unfavorable for personal matters. Postpone important dealings. Rest of the week is auspicious. March 23 and 26 good for romance and finance. A day for bargaining.

PISCES

FEB. 20—MAR. 19

* Lucky number this week, 7.

* Gambling colors, red, green.

* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

* Planetary influences should give you plenty of zip and vim, with a desire to go places, except for March 21. The week is custom-made for you.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

mediately wondered if the visit had been made on purpose to manufacture an alibi. He seems to be a difficult person with a highly suspicious mind."

"Wait!" Eustace spoke from the window where he was standing looking down into the street. "Here is Aich getting out of a cab. Ah, yes, she's got the man with her. This must be he. He couldn't be anything but a firebrand councillor, could he? Look. Oh! yes, by George! Yes. This is wonderful. Tim is with them. They've got him away. Wait a moment; Mrs. Broome may still be out with that extraordinary wreath, I'll go and let them in."

Miss Aicheson was first into the room. She looked tired but triumphant and she turned to Alison for praise.

"Done it!" she announced. "Tim is on the stairs now. Councillor Cornish is with us, and by the way, dear, I think all the credit ought to go to him."

"Oh, splendid! Quite, quite wonderful, Aich." Alison Kinnt said just as the Councillor, with Eustace fussing behind him, appeared in the doorway.

Here in the Well House Councillor Cornish was still a vigorous personality, but his astonishment on meeting Alison for the first time was slightly funny. Her thistle-down quality appeared to bewilder him, and if he had actually said that he had expected to see a second version of Miss Aicheson he could hardly have made the point more clearly.

The reaction was not new to Miss Kinnt and she be-

came more feminine than ever, twittering and smiling.

"Thank you, thank you. We are all so very relieved." Her intelligent eyes met his own gratefully. "I'm just about to order him. You will join us, won't you?"

"I? No, really!" He sounded appalled. "Thank you very much, of course, but I only want to have a word with the young man." He was preparing to explain further when an interruption occurred. Tim had arrived. He glanced round the room, caught sight of Julia, and walked over to her, his face dark as a storm.

"Darling!" he exploded.

"I did so pray that you'd have the good sense to keep right out of this! Why didn't you do what I told you?" He was on edge and his protest was unreasonably savage.

The color rushed into Julia's face, Eustace made a deprecating cluck, and every one was startled by the Councillor, who turned on the speaker.

"Don't shut her out when she's backing you up!" he exclaimed violently. Realising his interference was outrageous, he tried to cover it over.

He smiled at Julia, rubbed his ear, and shot a sidelong slightly sheepish smile at Timothy.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Can I meet the young lady?"

It was a direct apology and Tim relaxed.

"I do beg your pardon," he said quickly. "Yes, of course. I'm afraid I was surprised to see her here. Julia, this is Councillor Cornish, but

To page 59

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

"Yes, I know him. His name is Tom Tray. Did you meet his sister Dora?"

"I didn't see a soul there until Ronald Stalkey arrived. After we started belting each other there was a crowd, of course. I went back in the evening to square up for any damage we'd done in the shop, but Tray was quite happy about it and reminded me that he'd told me to go and see you. So I did."

"What I want to know is why? How did you think I could help you — about this belated search for your identity?"

"Yes."

"I see. Having actually seen the squalor of your beginnings you've become violently ashamed of them. Is that right?"

Tim laughed. "My heart did not leap up when I beheld the gasworks, sir. Since you ask me, no."

His reaction was a relief to most people present, but the effect of it upon the Councillor was devastating. The man appeared to freeze.

"I'm afraid I can't help you," he said stiffly. "I was in the R.A.F. by the end of

'thirty-eight. All we young apprentices were in the reserve. I didn't get to know Ebbfield very well until the war was over. Surely some public records were saved?"

"None," said Eustace. "Naturally we looked into that."

"Yes, of course. Yes, I remember now. I've heard that in another connection." The Councillor was still subdued. "I'm sorry," he said again, speaking to Tim. "I can't help. If the police need me again, presumably they'll contact me, or, of course, I shall be available to any lawyer of yours. That's really all I can do at the moment. Goodbye."

HE would have left without shaking hands had not Eustace put out his own, and Tim would have followed him down to let him out, but there was an unexpected development.

Julia got up and came over.

"Councillor, I'm going the same way as you are and I must go now. We'll go together, if you don't mind."

Tim looked at her in amazement and there was a moment when Cornish hesitated and she stood placidly forcing him to think twice about being rude to her.

"Why not?" he said at last. "Come along."

They went out of the room with Tim behind them.

Eustace smiled first at his sister and then at the others.

"A funny fellow," he said mildly. "In many ways an extraordinary fellow. Did you notice he was so excitable and emotional he was almost in tears at one point? What a character Julia is, too! She

from page 59

got him out of the room in case he upset Tim any further. I like her, she has special courage. Very rare these days."

Councillor Cornish paused at a bus-stop and glanced down at his companion dubiously. "I get my bus here for Ebbfield," he said.

"I do, too," Julia said.

"What are you going to do in Ebbfield?" He fumbled over the words and she moved as the red monster came bearing down on them and made a gesture to shoo him on to it ahead of her.

"I've got business on the way there," she said, and followed him on to the half-empty lower deck.

As the acceleration jerked them into a seat far up in the front, he spoke grudgingly:

"I hear your father is a man of drive. You take after him, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," she said. "I want to talk to you about Tim."

"I've told all I know. I've given a statement to the police. He was at my house from approximately seventy to eight o'clock. I've done all I can."

Julia turned her head and regarded him with an accusing stare.

"It's not that. You think you know who his family is, don't you?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Because it's the same family as yours."

She spoke hastily, and, leaning back suddenly in her seat, ran her hand up behind

her head and brought it down to pull her ear. It was a curious gesture, which was very distinctive yet familiar to him.

"I don't do it very well," she remarked. "But you and Tim do it all the time, whenever you're embarrassed. You're doing it now."

"You're mad!" He pulled his hand down from his ear and sat gaping at her. "That's the most absurd and dangerous accusation I ever heard in my life. I should advise you——"

She sat frowning, looking at him. "I don't see why you're so excited," she said, and her innocence becoming suddenly apparent set the ground quaking under his feet. "Surely you've got some relations? Tim is a very nice person. They might be very glad to know."

"I can't say anything about that."

"Of course you can't," she said with enormous reasonableness. "That's why I wanted to talk to you alone. Haven't you got brothers or sisters or even cousins? Family characteristics, gestures particularly, are liable to crop up most unexpectedly."

"You're sure you're right about young Timothy?" he said gently. "About the ear-pulling?"

"Oh, yes." She smiled at him with complete assurance. "I watch everything Tim does. I've seen him do it hundreds of times, and so when you did it, too, I watched you, too. Besides, you may not know it, but you smile the same way and the big planes at the sides of your faces are identical. It wouldn't be so extraordinary if you were distant relatives,

HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



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and Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays.

would it? You both come from the same place, apparently."

"No, I don't come from Ebbfield," he said woodenly. "I was born in Norfolk. I came to London as an apprentice. I can't help you in that way at all. If the police want to put him through it again he can call on me. That's as far as I can go."

"I see," she said bleakly, and continued to ride beside

him in silence. "It's very good of you," she ventured at last. "Please don't feel we're not grateful. What worries me is that it must be someone," she remarked. "Someone really is doing these awful things . . ."

"Setting light to office buildings?"

"Or tearing up old people's homes. You know, Tim was asked where he was when that

To page 62

...IN CADETS

down to the sea...



or off to school, or out with Mum and Dad; or anywhere for that matter. King Gee Cadets are made for boys—which speaks volumes of their strength and long-lasting qualities. The "grow-out-of" (as against "wear-out") qualities you associate with King Gee. They're tailored in fleecy-backed Sanforized* Bradmill cord, guaranteed never to shrink. They're warm, smart and comfortable, with boil-proof elastic in the American-style waist. They have zip fly and heraldic metal buttons. The colours are Blue, Olive, Bronze, and School Grey. Sizes: 22 to 32. Price 33/6 (prices vary slightly in South Australia) *Regd. Trade Mark Shrunken Fabric

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flat down here in the East End was smashed up. We simply couldn't understand it at the time. The police were awfully polite and cautious, and, since Tim didn't know then that the Kinnits were employing the Stalkeys to ferret round Ebbfield, the questions sounded insane. We'd never heard of Ebbfield. He soon satisfied the detective that he hadn't been out of Oxford that week at all and the man went away.

She paused and sat looking at him with wide-open eyes. "It must have been the flat-wrecking that the police were investigating, though, because it happened about then and the Stalkey who was making the inquiry was staying in it, wasn't he? I only heard about that last night from Tim's old nurse."

"Where had she heard of it?"
She frowned. "I don't know."

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

Alison Kinnit, perhaps. But Tim must have heard it yesterday from the Stalkey brother who attacked him. I expect that was the real reason why he was so difficult when the police began to question him again. Being wrongfully suspected of some crime you don't know anything about is all very well if it happens once, but it's rather different if they do it to you twice. It's so frightening. Suppose they pin something on him?"

"When he's innocent?"
"Of course. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Someone is doing these dreadful things. Can't you think round and see who it might be?"

from page 60

"Why should I? What are you talking about?"

Julia sighed. "I don't know. I'm just at the end of what I can bear, I think. I was sitting there in that pink room, looking round at all those people and thinking how well they all meant and how useless they all were, and wondering who was there who could possibly help us. And I looked at you and I thought that you really were awfully like an older Tim and you'd been dragged into the business by a sort of act of God, anyhow, and I felt suddenly that I could make

you think of something which could give us a lead."

"You're thinking that because I live down here and know the people I might be able to find out something. Is that it?"

"You've got some authority."

"Suppose I find some suspect and can't prove anything? What do you expect me to do then?"

"You told everybody less than an hour ago. You said the only thing to do was to avoid the ordinary police and go to the very top flight. That's why I came with you to tell you. I know one of them. He's a Mr. Charles Luke, a senior something or other at New Scotland Yard."

"I know Luke," Cornish said.
"You do?" She smiled with radiant relief.

He got up to get away from her and into the air. There was sweat on his forehead and he stood for a moment swinging on the rail before he bent to take her hand.

"I get off here," he murmured. "Goodbye."

"You will try?"

"I will," he said, and hurried off the bus, leaving her to go on alone to the Ebbfield Market Cross.

It was the next stop; she got down and paused for a moment looking about her.

The name-plate saying Carroway Street above the public house on the nearest corner caught her attention and she set out to walk down it. She was looking for the cobbler's shop without any very clear idea of why she wanted to see it. Her business on the way to Ebbfield had been done.

Mr. T. K. Tray's establishment turned out to be unexpectedly alive. It was a double-fronted shop, with one window devoted to the boot-and-shoe-repair business, and the other to newspapers and magazines with a sprinkling of cheap stationery, tobacco, and confectionery.

A fast-moving queue of chattering women, most of whom appeared to know each other, was forcing its way into the darkened doorway, and every so often one of them squeezed back out again and shot away like a bee from a hive, a brightly colored periodical in her hand:

The beginning of the queue was a small crowd on the pavement, and Julia, who could not pause outside without joining it, found herself sucked into the jostling stream. She gathered that the cause of the excitement was the little packets of detergent being given away with one of the women's magazines.

As soon as Julia realised that escape was impossible until she had done the round, she began to feel suffocated. Many of the women were factory workers, all their boilersuits and headscarves lending them the ruthless camaraderie which paper hats on a quiet girl lend a charabanc load. They were all in a hurry, all in ferocious good-humour, all hot, and all laughing aloud. The brutal noise, measured or less as a birdcall, reached an intensity which stunned her, and she became swallowed up in a whirlpool of sound in which scraps of intelligible sentences were few and all ugly.

As the queue fed her relentlessly into the dark shop, the stale, sweat smell of leather and newsprint met her in a wave, and as her eyes grew accustomed to the shadow she saw the counter embedded in a grotto made of magazines. Her impression was that there were two figures now in the dark cavern behind it and that one of them was telephoning at a wall instrument hanging amid the crowded shelves, whilst the other, a who was little more than a stuffed bodice swinging there, was handing out papers and packets with the speed of a machine.

As she approached the end of the line a single intelligible name suddenly leapt out of the noise.

"Basil Kinnit!"

She heard the words as clearly as if they had been a phrase in another tongue amid a torrent of foreign language.

"Basil Kinnit!"

There was no way of telling who had spoken. Either of the behind the counter could have said it or it could have come from one of the brass-lined throats screaming about her.

She threw down a sixpence, seized her magazine, and sped into the air. As she came into the light again the nightmare of the shop receded and reality broke over her like morning.

"But there's no such person," said aloud. "No such person at all."

To be continued

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Mrs. Johnstone uses a copper

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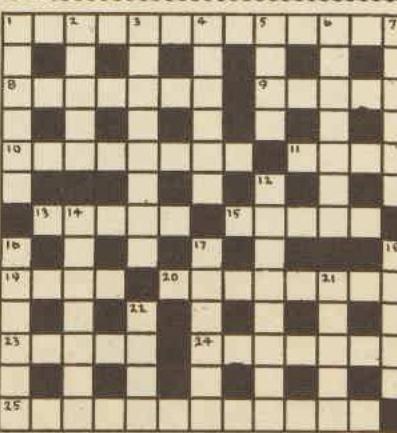
SPACE creatures on a trade mission are disguised as a farmer, a dog, and a horse. Approaching Mandrake's dog, they get an unfriendly reception trying to sell their crystals. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Can this be a suggestion for some sort of insurance? By no means (3, 2, 4).
- Answers used by chemists (7).
- Not fitted for a punt (5).
- A rime can come from overseas if it is in good order (8).
- Nothing to spoil for an Arab prince or governor (4).
- The bleat, which is gifted before tea (3).
- Repairs the end in the centre (5).
- King Lear could have been this nobleman (4).
- His love is French, but below par (8).
- Near relatives used as nut (5).
- Eat this (anagr., 7).
- The blind man's flattery (12).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Any row in this country? Yes (6).
- Let it be the designation of a book (5).
- Giles ran for hookahs (8).
- A son is the legendary Celtic poet (6).
- Make a loud noise on a tour (4).
- Embraced in dream (7).
- Wring out of legally wrong (6).
- Angels of the highest order spear him (8).
- Sweet - smelling flowering shrub (7).
- Cover with a coat not made by a tailor (6).
- In pure gold there are twenty-four (6).
- Make a speech to hide a rat (5).
- The Hunter or a charged particle (5).
- Employed you and me and little Edward (4).

STAR PERFORMER
JULIA MAE
REDHEAD STRAW
SWEETIE
HORSE NATTIER
MINTAD
BRONTE STILES
OPRIE
UNIFORM MODAL
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THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING

16

Everybody's

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A.R. TABS
The Bulletin
THE MAGAZINE FOR
INTERESTING
PEOPLE!
SHILLING EVERYWHERE

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1963

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She does
well at work
or play

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 27, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



Paul Anka and his bride

• More than 100 photographers stamped the quiet wedding in Paris of 21-year-old singer Paul Anka and 20-year-old Parisian fashion model Anne de Zogheb. For this was one of THE weddings of the year.

EITHER of these talented youngsters, pictured above after the ceremony, would have made news had they married an unknown boy—or girl—next door.

Paul, the son of a Syrian-born restaurant-owner in Ottawa, Canada, has been in the news since he was 16 when his own composition, "Diana," rocked round the world's hit parades and sold more than 8,000,000 copies.

He visited Australia in 1958,

his disc sales have now topped the 30,000,000 mark, and he commands a fee of £26 a second for singing in the world's ritziest night spots.

However, composing remains his prime ambition. He has written more than 200 songs, and the musical score for the film "The Longest Day."

Anne, in her field, is no less distinguished. Pictures of her have appeared in the world's top fashion magazines.

Working with the famous Eileen Ford Agency in New York since early 1962, she com-

mends fees of £26 an hour.

Twin daughter of the wealthy French Comte de Zogheb and his English wife, she was born in the Lebanon, and spent her childhood in exotic Alexandria, in Egypt.

She was "discovered" at 18 in Paris by Dorian Leigh, the sister of Suzy Parker, who ran one of Paris' largest model agencies. Dorian Leigh introduced Anne to Eileen Ford, and from there Anne's dignified and impish beauty swept her headlong into a modelling career.

"She is neither a classical beauty nor a Beatnik, but something between the two," says Norma Bannenberg, a Sydney model consultant who met Anne in Paris.

"She has great dignity and poise for someone so young. She stands tall, walks tall, and thinks tall, and like most Parisian mannequins wears very little make-up."

After the wedding, at which only close relatives were present, Paul and Anne left for a skiing honeymoon at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

LETTERS

A way to have fun every week

TWELVE of us (six boys, six girls) take it in turn to hold a weekly get-together in the girls' homes.

The boys each contribute two or three bottles of soft drink, plus a small gift for the hostess, costing not more than 5/-, to which they each contribute.

The girls select the supper and the hostess for the evening buys and prepares the meal, the cost of which is equally shared by the others, plus 2/6 for the use of electricity.

We make all the European dishes from The Australian Women's Weekly recipes, as well as old-style ones, and the boys just lap them up.

We also buy a small, useful gift to the value of 5/- between us, and pull the lucky boy's name out of a hat.

Dancing on the lawn or the verandah and a few games make up a lovely evening.

All of us share in the tidying-up before leaving, and the parents are all very happy with the arrangements.

Extra company presents no problems, either—extra girls bring a plate and extra boys some liquid refreshments.
Sonia Clavan, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Double diet

IF you have found difficulties in staying on a settled diet, get together with one of your friends and plan a diet.

Then agree that the first one to break the diet must pay the other one 10/-, with no cheating allowed.

You will find this not only gives results, but can also be fun.—*"Happy Now," Randwick, N.S.W.*

PUZZLE

• Our recent feature "Fun and Games with Maths" was so popular that we have decided to publish a puzzle each week.

Let's start with one of the oldest puzzles known.

John has to ferry a fox, a goose, and a bag of grain across a river in his boat. His boat is so small that only one of the three can fit in with himself.

How can he manage so the fox will have no opportunity to kill the goose and the goose no opportunity to eat the grain?

It is assumed that neither the fox nor the goose will run off if left alone, and that the fox will not eat the grain. How can John accomplish this?

Answer, page 7.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Heavy texts

I AM 15 and in fourth year at school. This year my textbooks have doubled in size and feel as if they weigh a ton.

Carrying my case to school is no easy task, for on the lightest of days my bag weighs 16lb, and on the heaviest 21lb.

After walking ten minutes to the station and ten minutes from the station to school, my right side is quite painfully sore.

Could someone suggest a remedy for my problem?—*"School Pupil," Roseville, N.S.W.*

Happiest years?

WHO says that the happiest time of your life is when you are young? Crowding the young person from the age of 14 are examinations, doubts about the choice of occupation, pimples, feelings of inferiority (which many adults do nothing to appease), and insecurity caused from such varying factors as overweight to considering whether a God really exists.

It amazes me that most young people remain as cheerful as they do. In many cases a sigh of relief must be the logical feeling when adulthood is reached. —*"Pip," Brisbane.*

Conflicting reports

MANY teachers publicly upbraid us in class for being useless, hopeless, lazy, and incompetent; then at the end of term write "satisfactory" on our reports.

Either they are afraid of our parents or are being dishonest with us. This weakens our respect for them and increases their disciplinary problems.

If we are unsatisfactory, our parents should be told so that they can deal with the situation; if we are satisfactory, we should not be subjected to abuse before our fellow students.—*"Browned-Off," Geelong, Vic.*

Dressmaking

WHENEVER I see the inviting words, "Make this dress—or skirt—from our pattern," I usually send in the necessary postal note.

Ignoring such mysterious injunctions as "shirr here, baste, no up or down," I happily pin down the pattern.

The whole family takes part. "Right front" floats off the table and is pounced on by Bongo, while small sister borrows

"waistband" to bandage her doll.

After many days of stitching I parade before my friends in a lovely pair of pyjamas with two left sleeves and the pockets on upside down!

How I envy those girls who can seize a pair of scissors and confidently slash straight into the material, with successful results.—*L. Jardin, Coburg, Vic.*

Build a library

IT was not until this year that I seriously thought of building up a library. After being given a long list of books to read in my matriculation year, I decided to build up a new and interesting library, including these books and others I had wanted to read.

Now, through birthday and Christmas gifts of books specifically asked for, I have a fine collection of paperbacks ranging from the works of D. H. Lawrence to Shakespeare.

I advise teenagers, whether they still go to school or not, to start asking for books as gifts, and to begin a library of their own.

Keep school text-books for interesting reading and you will find as you get older that a good collection of books is one of the most satisfying things to possess.—*"Book Worm," St. Kilda, Vic.*

BEATNIK



"Of course I want to get on in the world — but which world?"

Engagement rings

I HAVE noticed among a few of my recently engaged friends that it has been the practice for the boy to choose the ring without first consulting the girl.

Is this the correct procedure? Surely very few boys have any idea on current styles and fashions in engagement rings.—*(Miss) D. Gardiner, Alfred Cove, W.A.*

Next week

• Five lovely new patterns for five different sweaters, but all knitted from mohair wool, appear in our next issue with full directions. Also, a two-in-one hairstyle which gives you an "up" or "down" hairdo from one basic set.

Fair board—third of pay

• "Perplexed" (T.W., 20/2/63) wrote asking readers what they considered fair board at home out of a salary of more than £10.

Her daughter pays 30/- — grudgingly.

I HAD the same trouble with my elder daughter. She started off paying me 15/- weekly, as her wage wasn't very high, but although the wage increased the board remained the same. She complained that her girl-friend paid no board.

As time went by I sewed for her "Hope Chest," often supplying materials, and although she earned £12 the board remained at 15/- until she married.

Having learnt my lesson, I told my younger daughter I wanted one third of her wage and no grumbling. She pays up willingly, and I think we mothers are to blame for being too easy and generous.—*"Another Bunny," Windsor, Qld.*

YOU must have the meanest daughter in Australia. The least your daughter should give you is one-third of her income.

Why not have a quiet talk to her about how you feel? If this doesn't work, try "forgetting" a few things now and then.

For instance, don't have

dinner ready when she arrives home from tennis. Tell her, "Sorry dear, dinner isn't ready yet. I just have to put the steak in and make a pot of tea. I can't do everything without help, you know." —*Shirley Pattison, Mt. Isa, Qld.*

YOUR daughter does not know just how well off she is. When I was 16 and earning £8 a week I paid £3 board to my parents, and in addition had to part with £1 a week in fares.

I accepted my share of work around the house and never once did I think that I was being cheated out of my money. —*"A.W." Toronto, N.S.W.*

YOU are making things far too easy for your daughter, "Perplexed," and unless you do something about it, she will never learn the value of money or realise how good you are to her.

So raise her board to at least £2 a week, and insist that she pay, even if only a nominal sum, for all the meals that her friends have at your place.

If she complains, point out

to her that if she left home it would cost her a great deal more than that to live.

Unless you start teaching her the value of money, and make her understand just how much it costs to live, she will be in for a hard time when she marries and has to balance her own budget. —*Nancy Morrison, Melbourne.*

THE only solution to this problem is to treat your daughter the way she treats you — with complete lack of respect.

Why should you do all these things for her? You have made yourself into the complete doormat, and doormats are made to be walked on.

If she pays you 30/- a week, give her 30/- worth of service, which in my book is that amount of food in the refrigerator.

If she wants her meals at awkward times, she should make them herself. If she wants a tidy room, that's her business. If she wants to be treated like a queen, let her pay for it — royally. —*M. Barnard, Sans Souci, N.S.W.*

Small boy goes after big game

• Young Robert Palmer, of Somerton, South Australia, joined the ranks of keen — and proficient — fishermen at the age of two when he caught his first fish.

IT was a snapper, and Robert managed to hook and land it, unaided, with a hand-line from his father's boat.

From this toddler's triumph Robert went on from one success to another until, at the age of seven, he caught his first game fish — a tuna — on rod and line.

It was only a six-pounder, but it entitled Robert to join the Game Fishing Club of South Australia. He was the youngest member of the club for seven years until his friend, Andrew Paine, of Brighton, aged 13, joined last year.

The next notable events in Robert's fishing record were a five-foot shark, caught off Glenelg in the summer of 1958 when he was nine, and a 27lb. tuna he caught the following year.

It was the State's best tuna catch for the season and won Robert a pewter cup. He caught the fish on an 18lb. breaking-strain line.

The skill of such a catch lies in playing the fish so that minimum pressure is exerted on the line. Tuna are among the fastest and strongest swimmers and it is necessary to tire them out

By Rita Dunstan

before bringing them into the boat.

During his last Christmas holidays Robert caught an eagle ray, which is a big, fast, yellow stingray known as the "yellow flier" because it leaps out of the water.

Robert was fishing from his own 14ft. fibre-glass outboard boat at Yorke Peninsula when he caught sight of the ray and set his bait. He hooked it, and after half an hour's fight he landed it. When its dangerous barb had been cut off it weighed 43lb.

During his holidays he regularly catches three or four dozen whiting and snapper a day, aided by his mates.

National contest

Last January, aged 14, he was the youngest member competing in the first All Australia Game Fishing Contest in Sydney. He proudly fished one day from Bob Dyer's boat, Tennessee II, and had the thrill of catching a number of tuna and yellowtail kingfish from her.

So life goes on for Robert Palmer — just one big fishing scoop after another. But the

bigest is yet to come, and this is the current ambition of Robert's life — a really worthwhile, king-sized catch in the form of a large white pointer shark.

Robert expects to hunt for his prey in the game fisherman's paradise off Kangaroo Island where his father, well-known fisherman and Adelaide solicitor Mr. E. W. Palmer, has seen more than 80 of the monsters caught.

Mr. Palmer, who is Federal President of the Game Fishing Association of Australia, has been host to many visiting celebrities and resident Governors.

He has the tackle with which former Governor of South Australia, Sir Willoughby Norrie, caught his then world record shark of 2225lb. off Port Lincoln.

Sir Willoughby made a present of the tackle he used to Mr. Palmer who lent it to the next Governor, Sir Robert George, who caught his first shark with it.

Mr. Palmer also has rods presented to him by world shark record holder Alf Dean, and by the late Jack Davey, as well as trophies won in New Zealand where Mr. Palmer twice captained the Australian team



ROBERT PALMER, a veteran big game fisherman at the age of 14, prepares his gear for a day's fishing.

which won the World Game Fishing Contest.

With all this it's no wonder young Robert is crazy about fishing. His other hobbies are

breeding goldfish, tending his tortoise named Maynard (after Dobie Gillis' friend) or his aviary of colorful finches, pheasant, and quail.

GOOD LISTENERS ARE GOOD MIXERS

By March Wingate

• Read any advice column on "How can I be a good mixer when I am so painfully shy?" — and you will read the unfailing answer: "Start off by being a good listener and the battle is half won."

HOW TRUE! It's almost disgracefully easy, because no one will know you are shy if you listen attentively.

Good talkers love to talk, and all they need is an ear. It might as well be yours. You have nothing to lose but your inferiority complex.

Soon the word goes around: "Have you met that interesting girl Felicity Brown? She's so interesting! I haven't had such a pleasant conversation for years."

Of course it wasn't a conversation at all. Felicity probably didn't say a word. She sat mutely listening and

nodding her head appropriately and smiling. But the good talker is firmly convinced that Felicity is the most interesting and cleverest girl in the room.

She's clever, for sure. She's arrived, socially, without any effort. Soon she can chatter quite entertainingly in her own right because of the new reputation she's earned. People will wait for her words.

Not a bit fair, but one of the laws of Nature!

Be sympathetic

Perhaps you are by nature a talker. Well then, you too must have an ear. You must also have sympathy sometimes for the person who wants your ear.

Troubles to tell? Hopes to unfold? Dreams to confide?

They all need a good listener. Let the perplexed or exuberant person talk his thoughts away while he's in the mood.

Lend him your ears, and he will soon feel better.

It is often hard to listen when you have a much better tale to tell, yourself — but be patient, and do your listening first.

There are more practical reasons, too, for learning young to be a good ear-lender.

Will I ever forget my first newspaper assignment? Never, as long as I live.

"Go to Parliament House," said the editor urgently. "Find a messenger and ask him to bring out our senior writer, Bill Blank, and tell Bill to get on to a private phone and speak to me immediately. Then go around to the Supreme Court and get the same message in to Bob Dash. On your way back buy me a packet of these cigarettes. Here's the money."

"Yes, yes!" I cried eagerly, and flew down the stairs.

Out in the street I realised I hadn't taken in a word he'd said. Not one word. Did he say Parliament? No. Yes. No. Yes. What was this money doing in my hand?

Much too late, I pocketed my pride and crawled into a telephone box.

"Mr. Green," I beseeched. "I'm sorry but I didn't hear a word you said."

The editor laughed crustily. "How could you, when you weren't listening? Never mind, I've sent someone else. Just bring back the cigarettes and I'll give you something else to do."

Even worse is the beg-your-pardon type . . . the person who is too lazy (not too frightened) to listen, and makes everyone say everything twice, while his lazy brain meshes its gears.

Don't be lazy

This refusal to listen attentively is mental laziness at its worst.

You just try saying the same thing twice, and see how flat it sounds the second time.

"Did you enjoy the party?" a kindly voice asks.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Did/you/enjoy/the/party."

The inquiry has lost its questioning kindness. Now it's only a dead question and the answer doesn't really seem to matter much.

Good listening is particularly important on the telephone. If someone rings you, he has the chair, not you. If you want the chair, then you ring them.

Don't take the initiative out of their hands until they have said their piece and want to get down to ordinary conversation.

In brief, keep your ear on the ball and you'll go a long way in the world.

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Gay new season fashions attuned to winter, 1963



● There's a wealth of eye-appeal as well as fashion fun in this collection of new winter clothes that will surely endear them to smart girls everywhere. Shapes are deliciously feminine, lines are frequently (though not always) easy, and the sky's the limit for girls who go for vivid fashion colors.

WINGING into fashion, full of verve, a dashing cape-coat (left) of yellow textured wool, braided in black and buttoned with gilt. Worn here with black stretch pants and fur-topped boots, the cape-coat takes just as easily to an underlay of warm woolly sweater, a slim skirt, and high heels.



COAT-DRESS is elegant and does splendidly either way. Easy fit is achieved with seaming at bust and hipline and cardigan-front buttoning from neck to hem.



SUIT LOOK in whisky wool, the shapely, reverend jacket longer than usual and braided in black. Narrow sleeves are bracelet length, skirt falls straight.



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TEXTURE WOOL appears again in the eye-catching suit (above left). Collarless jacket with narrow sleeves tops a finely striped, textured cotton blouse with narrow ruffles at throat and wrists. The diagonal-stripe pure wool dress at right follows a young, new figure line with a skirt that takes wide, belted pleats in its stride. A broad buckled leather belt makes a point of the slim and supple waistline. Fashions by Norma Tullo from Hordern Bros., Sydney, pictured by staff photographer Adelie Hurley.

Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

Wedding invitation

"I AM a 17-year-old girl, and I went out with a boy I like about a month ago. Whenever he sees me he smiles and says hello, but I don't know if he likes me, or is just being polite. I have been invited to a wedding soon, and have been asked to take a friend. I would very much like to ask this boy, but I'm afraid he might think I was running after him."

"Hoping," N.S.W.

I'd like to say yes, but I think I'd better say no. It COULD look as if you were running after him. However, if he asks you out again in the next few weeks, by all means ask him to the wedding.

Make it casual

"RECENTLY a boy I liked very much went away to live in the country. I know that it is not polite to write to a boy first, but the last time I saw him I was a bit mean to him. I meant it just as a joke but I think he took me seriously. We have known his family for years, so it's not as if I've just met him. Do you think it would be polite to write a letter to him first or should I wait?"

"Pen Handy," N.S.W.

Can't you think up an excuse to write to him? Ask him, perhaps, if he is coming down to the city at Easter as there is a party on and you would like him to come. Something like that. But make sure that it's a casual letter, not one dripping with romance.

Unhappy at home

"I AM 19 and have been working at home on my father's property for two years. Prior to this I went to school in the city for four years. For about the past six months, my mother and I have been arguing a terrific lot and not getting on at all well. I know that there are faults on both sides, but will not admit it. Mum always seems to be on my back and says I don't do a hand's turn, although I try my best as I hate housework and would much rather do something artistic with my hands. I don't know whether I should leave home and go and work in town and break my parents' hearts or stay at home and bear it. I hope you can suggest some solution."

"Worried," S.A.

What do you do all day? If you haven't enough to occupy you it's no wonder that you're bored and cranky.

Why not talk to your parents and see if it would be possible for you to do some course in town for a while—perhaps an art course or dressmaking, possibly even a secretarial course incorporating bookkeeping so that you could do your father's accounts. If you can't conveniently study in town, possibly you can arrange to do a course by correspondence.

But before you do anything, answer these questions HONESTLY: Do you do a hand's turn? Do you really try your best to help with the housework?

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He wants to wait

"I AM a girl nearly 17 and met a boy recently whom I like very much. We saw each other at every opportunity and he rang me at least twice a day. He says he likes me more than any other girl he has ever taken out, but if we go steady we would probably end bad friends and he says he would like our friendship to last. So he suggests that we wait a year and if we still feel the same way we can go steady then. He also says that he doesn't want to spoil my chances with other boys, but he doesn't understand that I wouldn't enjoy other boys' company, because I am just not interested in anyone else. Do you think I should go out with other boys, even though I don't want to, as he is only going to take me out occasionally? Do you think he is trying to get rid of me or do you really think he genuinely likes me and really doesn't want to spoil my chances with others? I would appreciate it if you could solve this problem, as I am very disconcerted."

"Ginger," Qld.

Going steady is a frighteningly permanent arrangement for boys, and I don't blame any of them for wanting

to be quite sure before they surrender their freedom to pick and choose girlfriends.

You have no choice. You must accept the situation gracefully and do as he suggests. He doesn't want to go steady yet, so go out with him when he asks you and go out with other boys, too. What's the point of moping at home when this particular boy hasn't asked you for a date?

Can't forget

"FOUR years ago I first liked this certain boy. As the years went by we went out together more and more. We often had quarrels and broke up, but always made up later. A little over a year ago my family moved to the city, so this boy and I decided to forget each other and concentrate on schoolwork. I have tried to forget him and have met a lot of nice boys, but I can't forget. I often get an awful feeling like homesickness when I think of him. Now he is coming down to do a course at the university this year and I would like him to come out for tea. My mother says this is all right with her. Should I get in touch with him, and am I in love? We are both nearly 17."

"Cindy," N.S.W.

Yes, by all means ask him out to tea. Then you will be able to tell, and so will he, whether you really want to resume your friendship. There are so many degrees of being "in love" that no one can make a firm diagnosis, not even the sufferer. Boys and girls grow up between 13 and 17, and even faster between 17 and 20. At 20 you can't imagine why you liked a boy last year.

One piece of good advice—don't frighten him away by being too romantic. Many boys of 17 are easily frightened by girls who show symptoms of lovesickness.

A word from Debbie



EVER wonder what you can make with all the perfectly good scraps of material you have left when you sew a dress? A jazzy matching handbag, of course.

Buy one or two bag handles (there are lots of different ones—metal, wooden, plastic, or bamboo) and make some bags in simple styles that you can clip on or off the handle. This gives you more bags for less money.

As you get more skilful you can make linings, but keep the styles simple—they're much more effective.

For a gingham dress a little drawstring purse is ideal, and you can trim it with rick-rack or colored braid.

If your beach-bag has perished through constant summer use and you just can't afford another, line a basket (round ones look best) with material the same as your beach shift, tie a bow on the handle, and presto, the smartest bag on the beach!

Getting away from left-overs, canvas makes a wonderfully practical beach-bag. Cut a long, thin rectangle (about 12in. wide, 20in. long—finished) and add a wide shoulder strap for a handle.

In winter the same style looks marvellous made in coarse wool or hessian, with fringe sewn along the bottom.

Beauty in Brief

FOOT NOTES

THERE'S no robber of good looks like troublesome feet. If you don't have strong arches, you walk like a duck; if your shoes pinch your poise falls apart; and if you have blemishes on your feet even your expression is apt to suffer.

The key to foot health is good muscle tone and circulation. The experts recommend that you practise walking like a ballet dancer, in bare feet—toes down first, then heel, your toes acting as a pivot—to strengthen your feet.

You are a potential foot-acher, they say, if you cannot answer "Yes" to the following questions:

- Can you wiggle your toes freely in the shoes you are wearing? To ensure that you can, get your feet measured each time you buy shoes; similar sizes vary because of style and cut.

- Do your stockings fit you properly? You should be able to pull the front of the stockings an inch ahead of your toes, walk stocking-foot for 30 seconds and stop with the stockings still one-half inch forward. If they slide back to hug your toes they are too short.

- Are the heels and soles of your shoes worn evenly, without leaning



exaggeratedly inward or outward? Do keep all of your shoes in good repair, and avoid doing housework in oldtimers which are ready for the tip.

- Can you switch from high heels to low heels, wearing each a full day or evening without discomfort? Ideally, try to change your heel height at least once a day so that all your foot muscles get a chance of working. Keep high fashion shoes for special occasions.

The questions above make it plain that the fit of your shoes (and stockings), and the way you wear them, often decides the fate of your feet.

—Carolyn Earle

Not interested

"ABOUT six months ago I met a girl and became quite friendly with her. She now waits every afternoon after school for me to walk her home. I am not interested in her, as I have to study hard for my examinations. How can I tell her without hurting her feelings?"

"Student," Qld.

I don't think you can avoid hurting her feelings. Tell her quite firmly that you must study for your exams and may have to work back after school, so she'd better go straight home and not wait around for you.

Social flop

"I AM 15 years old. A boy I knew some years ago has just moved back to our town. I know he remembers me, as he often smiles and says hello to me. I like him very much and I'd like your advice on how to get to know him again. I'm usually a social flop and always put my foot in things."

"Gai," S.A.

Smile right back at this boy whenever you see him, but let him make the next move in getting to know you. By the way, most teenagers feel social flops at your age, but time takes care of that. This is one of the best things about growing up—your self-assurance grows, too.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — March 27, 1963

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

Devlin in search for new, young talent

- If Johnny Devlin has his way you'll be seeing a whole crop of fresh faces on TV this year, and hearing a lot of new boys and girls on disc.

THEY'LL be the youngsters with natural talent he discovers on interstate and country tours, who will come to Sydney for grooming and promotion.

In Sydney they'll live with Johnny and his wife, Carol, at

Ryde, and, while Johnny coaches the boys, Carol — a former model — will put the girls through an on-the-premises charm-school course.

When they're ready Johnny will get them spots on TV musical shows such as "Bandstand" and "Sing, Sing, Sing," and bring them to the notice

of the recording companies. He will also provide them with songs he has written to suit their style.

Johnny is very enthusiastic about the number he has written for The Denvermen to follow up their chart topper, "Surfside." It's something quite different, and has a strong individual sound of its own.

Tony Brady, who is now back in Australia after his Eastern tour, has also decided on one of Johnny's compositions for his next single.

Just about the time you read this, by the way, you may also be reading that Carol and Johnny have become parents for the second time.

ALMOST everyone who saw Judy Stone's white miniature French poodle on a recent "Bandstand" fell in love with it, so I thought I'd make a few inquiries. Her name's Angel, she's three months old, and was a present to Judy on her 19th birthday.

Angel's getting a real baby's upbringing. She has a pink brush and comb, a teething ring, and a set of toys (plastic duck, rag doll, and rag puppy) to play with, and Judy brushes her every morning.

Local talent: Fans of Paul Wayne will be pleased that he has made another record. It's "Tango Twist" (Leedon 45), and the pace is a fast one — more twist than tango. Warren Williams composed the flipside, "Hurtin' Game."

Pops: Record companies must stay awake at night trying to come up with fresh ideas, and in their new "Our Man" LP series, R.C.A. have got a really catchy gimmick.

"Our Man Around the World" is Paul Anka, "Our Man in Nashville" is Chet Atkins, "Our Man in Jazz" is Sonny Rollins, and "Our Men in San Francisco" are the Limeliters — recorded live at the celebrated "hungry i" night-club.

The "Our Man," etc., is the title of each record.

THE bands Bing Crosby sang with in his heyday were the commercial tops, and it's by no means without interest to hear them again on "Bing and the Dixieland Bands" (Festival LP), though I don't think the title's too accurate.

You hear Bob Haggart with "Jamboree Jones," Bob Crosby's Bobcats in "Walking the Floor Over You," Woody Herman

WORTH HEARING

VERDI: Aida

VERDI'S "Aida" is one of the most spectacular operas in the regular modern repertoire. When it first appeared in 1871 it was in some ways a reversion to the older tradition of Grand Opera, with numerous massed scenes, processions, and elaborate stage effects.

But it was written for a grand occasion — the opening of the Cairo Opera House. The Khedive of Egypt paid Verdi £11,000 for the rights of first performance (worth about £90,000 in today's values), and Verdi gave him his money's worth, both in spectacle and sheer musical quality.

For "Aida" is a great opera as well as being a grand one. Verdi was at the height of his powers when he wrote it, and he filled it with haunting melodies and vividly dramatic scenes.

This opera has just been issued complete in a truly splendid recording with Leontyne Price, the American negro soprano who visited Australia a few years ago, in the title role. It is conducted by Georg Solti, the orchestra is that of the Rome Opera House, and the other stars include Rita Gorr, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. (R.C.A. three-record set, mono, and stereo.)

Although the spectacular side of "Aida" is important, the listener who has never seen it will still get abundant pleasure from the recording. But while listening one should make a special effort to visualise what is going on — especially in the famous triumphal scene of Act II, which contains the familiar "Grand March."

— Martin Long

A DEAR SIR — OR MADAM

- I see that a Royal Australian Navy lieutenant who is teaching French at an N.S.W. naval college is a shipshape young woman.

THE officer (and a lady), Miss Eva Normai, has also worked for the Royal Australian Air Force school of languages — but not yet for the Army.

Perhaps that's why soldiers are jungle-green—with envy. Miss Normai, once a Paris popsie, says she has never had to discipline any of her pupils for wolf whistles or ooh-lah-las.

"I am a stern teacher!" she said.

It's quite an interesting way for a girl to earn her braid and butter, isn't it?

And it's an interesting experiment by the Services.

For instance, officials have broken a Navy tradition by making Miss Normai the first woman appointed to its teaching staff.

While Miss Normai is quite proper to keep her students at yardarm's length, I hope she doesn't completely ignore the possibilities of luff being a many splendored thing!

For, if it's true that all nice girls love a sailor, she mightn't know what she's mizzen. She might even be lieut. on the shelf.

I ALSO see that Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" recently led cool cats in Wroclaw, Poland, a merry dance.

The kids bought out the city's stocks of the classic after someone floated a rumor that it was an instruction book telling how to twist.

But "Oliver Twist" is not the best of Dickens' dance books. "David Copperfield" is the craziest. In one part even Dave's cranky stepfather gets so with it so much that he screams, "Go, man, go!"

Even though we are Poles apart, I can let the Wroclaw rockers have some swinging numbers out of my dance library.

There is "Shake (speare), Rattle, and Roll," including "Jazz You Like It."

Even for classical dancers, there is "How Green Was My Ballet?"

-Robin Adair



JOHNNY DEVLIN.

"Elephant Walk" on the United Artists LP "Golden Guitar." Varied, entirely agreeable listening, with orchestral backing.

Jazz: With "Georgia Lee Sings The Blues Down Under" (Crest LP), you're hearing possibly the most professional member of Australia's small group of stylish jazz singers.

In a selection that includes both "Pete Kelly's Blues" and "Basin Street Blues," there are two local compositions in the blues idiom—the "Yarra River" and "Down Under."

Georgia sings as though she understands what it's all about.

BASICS such as "Jazz Me Blues" and "Muskrat Ramble" are played under the direction of Bobby Byrne on one side of "Dixieland Jazz" (Ampar LP).

With "Mandy, Make Up Your Mind," and "I'm Coming, Virginia" on the other side, bandleader Will Bradley plays fresher material, while trumpeter Rex Stewart and tenor-sax Bud Freeman add to the interest.

Puzzle answer

- Here is the answer to our puzzle on page 2:

(a) John takes the goose across and leaves it on the opposite side.

(b) He returns and fetches the fox, leaves it on the other side and comes back with the goose.

(c) He leaves the goose at the starting point, takes over the grain, which he leaves with the fox.

(d) He returns and brings the goose over.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games and Puzzles," by Jack Prelutsky. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman

No. 12

Colonades give relief in tropical sunshine

ROCKHAMPTON, on the banks of the Fitzroy River, lies right under the Tropic of Capricorn, and so is on the edge of tropical Australia. It is the undeclared commercial capital of Central Queensland.

Toward the end of the 19th century this area had become prosperous from its cattle and mining industries, and Rockhampton required great public buildings.

Among those built at that time were the Customs House and Post Office.

Although they serve functions that today belong to the Commonwealth, Queensland was still a separate colony, with Federation yet to come. Hence both buildings were designed in the office of the Government Architect of Queensland.

The building material chosen

for them was stone, and the craftsmanship is of a high order.

To give relief from the tropical sun, colonnades are used—those on the Post Office with Tuscan and Ionic columns, while those on the Customs House are the more ornate, leafy Corinthian kind.

Dignified dome

The Customs House is surmounted by a dome (partly obscured by the tree in the picture), and this in turn is centred on a semi-circular portico, the whole resulting in considerable architectural dignity.

The design of the Post Office is not nearly so good, the clock tower, for instance, being too skimpy for the otherwise satisfactory rectangular mass of the main building.

The cupola on top of the tower has a small metal dome pierced with a pattern of holes,

a detail that is more interesting than successful.

The most noticeable feature of the Post Office is the two-storyed colonnade, although it is really an arcade on the ground, and a true colonnade on the first floor.

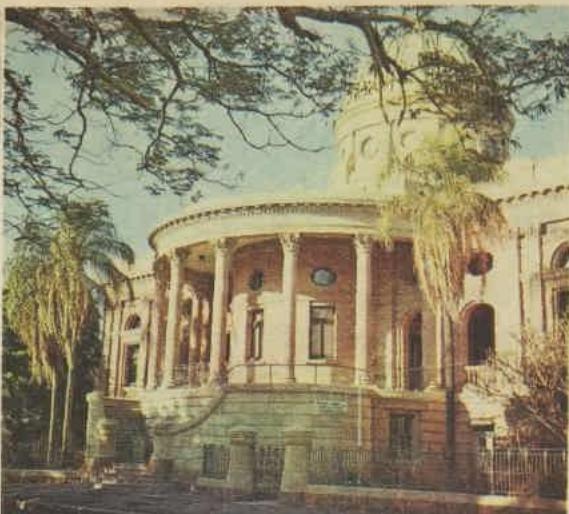
The resulting tall, deeply shaded areas are most suitable to the climate, and are visually most satisfactory.

The columns and arches, highlighted in sunshine, contrast strongly with the shadows of the recessed areas.

These buildings, typical of many built at that time throughout Australia, appropriately mark the end of the Victorian Age.

But a new Australia was to come with Federation, and a new architecture was soon to emerge, as we shall see in the next few instalments of this series.

NEXT WEEK: St. Andrew's Church, Brisbane.



ROCKHAMPTON'S Customs House (above) and Post Office (below). Photographs by Mr. J. Siryer, Rockhampton.

